

# The Nation and The Athenæum

THE NATION. VOL. XXXVII., No. 14.]

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1925.

[THE ATHENÆUM. No. 4966.]

## CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ... ..	415	FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA. By Omicron ... ..	428
UNEMPLOYMENT: THE BLIND SPOT ... ..	418	THE WORLD OF BOOKS:—	
M. CAILLAUX'S POLICY. By Robert Dell ... ..	419	The End of Sensible Conversation. By Leonard Woolf ... ..	430
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa ... ..	421	REVIEWS:—	
WESTMINSTER: THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. By Our		Words and Idioms. By Bonamy Dobrée ... ..	431
Parliamentary Correspondent ... ..	422	Primitive Religion. By W. J. Perry ... ..	431
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: "The Line of Least Resistance"		The Fifteenth Century. By Eileen Power ... ..	432
(Percy A. Molteno); Germany, the Pact, and the		Saint Bernard ... ..	434
League of Nations (Meyrick Booth); "The Govern-		Music and Criticism ... ..	434
ment and the Ex-Service Man" (A. R. Brennan and		Maypoles or Chimney-Stacks? ... ..	436
Ex-Service Civil Servant); "Politics and the Trend of		Land-Travel and Sea-Faring. By Edmund Candler ... ..	436
Trade" (D. M. Mason); Mr. Gladstone (Peter E.		A Master of War ... ..	438
Wright) "Spreading Mack" (S. Graveson); Psycho-	423-425	ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE ... ..	438
ANALYSIS (E. C. Allmond, B.Sc.) ... ..		BOOKS IN BRIEF ... ..	438
CONTEMPORARY WRITERS: II MR. D. H. LAWRENCE.		REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES ... ..	440
By Edwin Muir ... ..	425	FINANCIAL SECTION:—	
THE CHILD. By Vsevolod Ivanov. Translated by Veronica		The Week in the City ... ..	442
Dewey ... ..	427		

All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.

## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE unemployment figures continue to grow, and when allowance is made for the special temporary jump due to Whitsun holidays, the trend is formidably steady. The figures for men alone (which are less affected than those for women by the Whitsun influence) show this unmistakably:—

### MEN UNEMPLOYED.

May 25th ... ..	925,000
June 1st ... ..	971,000
June 8th ... ..	1,009,000
June 15th ... ..	1,011,000
June 22nd ... ..	1,034,000

Unhappily, there can be no hope that we have reached high-water mark, and little hope as yet of an appreciable slackening in this sinister rate of increase—100,000 men in a single month. Unemployment figures reflect the trade situation of some time before, and the trade situation continues to get steadily worse. Nor is there a ray of light on the horizon. The most likely outcome is that unemployment will continue to grow rapidly, until a big industrial conflict plunges us back to figures as bad as the worst of 1921.

This situation, natural sequel though it is to the return to gold, seems to have come as a complete surprise to the Government, which is now vainly trying to adjust its policy to the facts. Mr. Neville Chamberlain in steering the Pensions Bill through the House of Commons attempted to rule out as irrelevant the criticism that this is not the time to impose fresh burdens on industry by intimating that the Government had another Bill ready to reduce the contributions for unemployment insurance. He refused to disclose the terms of this Bill, and urged that as members could not tell whether the burden of insurance contributions would be increased on balance by the two measures, the only issue before the House was the abstract merits of the contributory principle. The choice of this line of defence reveals a manifest discomfort; for Mr. Chamberlain knew well enough that the new Unemployment Insurance Bill will relieve industry of only half the new Pensions charges, and he might surely have disclosed this simple and per-

tinent fact without departmental impropriety. But by this device the Government was enabled to evade the real second reading issue on the second reading debate.

\* \* \*

The detailed provisions of the new Bill indicate strikingly the difficulties which Mr. Churchill has made for himself by his heedless Budget policy. We argued at the time that he should have made the reduction of unemployment contributions so as to avoid any new burdens on industry a first charge on his Budget surplus. But he has given that surplus away elsewhere, and cannot now afford a penny piece from the Exchequer in the current year. Accordingly, there is to be no increase in the State contribution until the next financial year begins, and the Unemployment Fund which, so far as we can gather, is not making ends meet to-day, will certainly incur heavy losses between January and April. To keep up appearances Mr. Churchill feels bound to provide for an increased State contribution subsequently. But he provides for only an extra 1½d. per week (in the case of men, whereas the receipts from employer and employed will be reduced by 4d. There is small likelihood that the Fund will make ends meet on that basis. But the 1½d. will cost Mr. Churchill about £3 millions a year; and we suppose he feels he cannot commit himself to more than that. Thus Mr. Churchill characteristically "combines" every possible alternative. He leaves half the burden on industry. He transfers part of the remainder to the Exchequer. He leaves the rest to luck, which will mean in practice, borrowing. Such are the expedients of a Chancellor who would not heed warnings as to what the return to gold must mean.

\* \* \*

Sir William Beveridge may perhaps recognize in the new Committee of Civil Research the essential features of the Economic General Staff for which he has so cogently pleaded in this journal. The Committee is, indeed, to be modelled on the Committee of Imperial Defence rather than on the General Staff. It will therefore have no permanent members except its Chairman and Secretary; it will work mainly through sub-committees appointed to deal with specific questions;

it will be a purely advisory body, but its advice will be tendered directly to the Cabinet and may be expected to carry great weight. The speeches in which Lord Haldane purported to ask a question regarding the nature of this Committee, and Lord Balfour purported to answer it, afforded an opportunity to both these elder statesmen to eulogize the Committee of Imperial Defence and to dwell upon its achievements. Lord Haldane seemed, however, to know more than Lord Balfour about the new Committee of Civil Research. It was he, for instance, who made the interesting announcement that Mr. Thomas Jones, whom he described as "a very able member of the Cabinet Secretariat," has been appointed Secretary. "A more suitable person for the subject I cannot conceive," added Lord Haldane, "because he has the scientific imagination." A well-deserved tribute which might justly be supplemented by reference to Mr. Jones's shrewd judgment and great practical ability.

\* \* \*

The Committee of Civil Research and its Secretary will, however, be severely tested by the first task which has been assigned to them—the formidable one of studying the position of the iron and steel industry and reporting to the Cabinet as to whether any form of State assistance would help it through its present troubles. This inquiry arises, of course, directly out of the application of the heavy section of the industry for protection under the Safeguarding scheme. Mr. Baldwin is evidently embarrassed by the knowledge that, if iron and steel secured protection, his pledge not to introduce a General Tariff would be in substance broken. The application for an import duty is therefore to be held up until the Committee of Civil Research has explored the alternative possibilities of subsidies and like expedients; and only if no acceptable substitute can be discovered will the Board of Trade appoint a Committee under the Safeguarding regulations. We comment elsewhere on the amazing levity with which the Government is combining new handicaps to industry with this investigation into subsidies. Here we would only remark that the efficiency of Lord Balfour's new instrument of government should not be judged by its capacity for helping the Prime Minister out of his iron and steel dilemma.

\* \* \*

With the publication of the letter which accompanied the coalowners' notice to end the present wage agreement, it is possible to gauge the main issues on which the coming struggle will turn. As we go to press the detailed proposals of the owners have not yet been published, but it is clear that they will offer a choice between the re-establishment of the eight-hour day accompanied by a small reduction in wages, and alternatively a very large reduction in wages. In either case the owners apparently desire a much greater degree of district autonomy, and possibly a further sub-division into smaller districts. It may be regarded as certain that the miners will stubbornly resist the repeal of the Seven-Hours Act, but it is equally clear to them that wages cannot be drastically reduced, in view of their present low level. District autonomy cuts rights across the national policy of the Miners' Federation, though there is probably room for compromise here. The remaining solution is the introduction of local elasticity in respect of hours, and even this is clearly a matter demanding many safeguards. The problem is extraordinarily complex and difficult, and it is to be hoped that the miners' delegates will not adopt officially the *non possumus* attitude taken up by some of the leaders, which is daily prejudicing their case.

A vivid picture of the difficulties, psychological as well as financial, which confront M. Caillaux, the French Minister of Finance, is given by Mr. Robert Dell in an article on another page of this issue. On July 1st, French Treasury Bonds to the value of nearly £33 millions fell due for redemption. On September 25th, another £82 millions fall due, and a further large amount will have to be dealt with in December. The trouble is of course that the holders of these Bonds are showing an increasing disinclination to renew their investment in Government securities. The measures proposed by M. Caillaux for dealing with this situation were accepted by both the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies last Saturday. They consist in a further measure of inflation; raising the note issue from £450 millions to £510 millions, and the issue of a loan, probably at 4 per cent., on what is practically a gold basis, since it is to be guaranteed against any fluctuation in the dollar value of the franc. M. Caillaux has a long way to go before he balances his Budget, but we are impressed by the fact that, instead of performing financial conjuring tricks, he is facing realities and endeavouring to make his countrymen face them also. It should be possible to stabilize the franc at somewhere near its present value, if a sensible course is pursued, and the issue of this loan on a gold basis is a step in the right direction.

\* \* \*

General Feng's manifesto has given a nasty colouring to the news from China. Just as it was becoming evident that general strikes and demonstrations in the East would run about the same course as they do in the West, this general issued an incendiary proclamation. Fortunately, the news received subsequently does not suggest that he intends to follow it up by immediate action. If he did, the situation would be grave indeed. Feng Yu Hsiang still has enough troops to control the capital and the province round it, and it is most doubtful whether Chang Tso Ling, or any of the other Tuchuns would make open war against him if he put himself at the head of the patriotic movement. If the leaders of the agitation at Peking were certain that they could count on the active support of Feng's troops, they would doubtless act rapidly. Fortunately, nobody trusts him, as his record is of the worst. The duty of the Powers concerned seems now to be twofold. Immediate measures for restoring a normal state of things must inevitably precede the long negotiations which Washington desires to set on foot. Can they be of such a kind that they contribute towards a final solution?

\* \* \*

In order to assure the safety of their nationals, the Powers may well be driven to open up direct communication with those provincial governors who have shown themselves able and willing to maintain order. Beyond this, however, lies the problem of securing an impartial and authoritative inquiry into the causes of the disturbances, and of removing any legitimate grievances of Chinese labour. As is clearly shown in the new White Paper (Cmd. 2442) on labour conditions in China, this problem, and particularly that part of it relating to child labour, is neither confined to factories under foreign control nor capable of solution without the co-operation of the Chinese authorities. It seems hopeless to seek a solution through Peking alone, since the Peking Government, apart from its impracticable attitude, is clearly incapable of enforcing its authority in the provinces. On the other hand, any formal negotiations with individual Tuchuns could easily be represented as an attempt to discredit the Republic and impede the restoration of Chinese unity. There is little doubt that the only way out of the present chaos lies in a development along the

lines of Federal autonomy; but that is a question for the Chinese themselves. It would be wise, nevertheless, to seize any opportunity of informal discussions that might ultimately pave the way not only to a settlement of factory questions, but to such a readjustment of the Customs revenues as would give some chance of effective provincial administration.

\* \* \*

The discussion on Singapore arising from Lord Thomson's question in the House of Lords was remarkable for the apologetic and deprecatory attitude of the Government. "The scale of the base was still being considered . . . no decision had yet been reached about the graving dock . . . it would be comparatively a very minor establishment . . . the Government were again considering how far it was possible to reduce expenditure on the original plan and bring it more within what the country could afford." It would appear that, faced by the consequences of Mr. Churchill's finance, the Government are already inclining to shelve or cut down a policy they originally represented as the keystone of the Empire. The mischief of Singapore will not, however, be remedied by the saving of an odd million or two. The gravest feature of the scheme is the psychological reaction in Japan. With all respect to Lord Balfour, the main value of a capital ship base at Singapore is offensive. It is not needed for trade defence; but it would open up possibilities, in war, of seizing and holding advanced bases for offensive operations in that China and Japan sea area which is as vital to Japan as her territorial integrity. The menace to vital Japanese interests is infinitely more real than the bogey of a Japanese invasion of Australia, and even worse than the strategical menace is the implied distrust in the permanence of Anglo-Japanese friendship and of the Washington Pact. It is well known that the scheme has actually caused grave disappointment and concern in Japan. Will not the Government take their courage in their hands and, by a wise act of statesmanship, rid themselves altogether of a burden they clearly find oppressive?

\* \* \*

Athens has again been the theatre of a *coup d'état*. The late Government, at the instance of a leading general, proposed to take disciplinary measures against a large number of army officers who are better politicians than soldiers. This prospect roused both services, and General Pangalos, supported by Admiral Hajikyriakos placed armed forces at various points of the capital, and demanded the resignation of M. Michalakopoulos, which was at once given. General Pangalos is the head of a small Parliamentary party, and he has contrived to come to an agreement with the leading group in the Chamber, so that Greece is not, for the moment, threatened with a formal dictatorship, a new Government having been formed with the General at its head. There is little doubt that the majority of naval and military officers supported the movement, while the nation as a whole takes little interest in the quarrel. The old feud between Venizelists and anti-Venizelists has disappeared, and Greece appears to be returning to that state of perpetual dissension between the civil and military authorities which only M. Venizelos was strong enough to quell. A *coup d'état* is no abnormal incident of Greek politics, and the chief significance of the present affair will lie in its reaction on foreign relations. Belgrade appears to be uneasy; but General Pangalos is not likely to define his policy until he has concluded the process of bargaining for support.

"Day by day," declares Signor Mussolini, "we must violate the constitution"; but the enjoyment of this privilege will not long be left him, for there is not much of the constitution left to violate. An obedient Chamber has now passed the three laws which empower the Executive to issue decrees having the force of law, to muzzle the Press, and to purge the magistracy and Civil Service of all persons suspected of lukewarmness towards Fascismo. Having, as he boasts, "tamed Parliamentarism," having swept away the right of discussion, and destroyed all confidence in the administration of justice, it is a little difficult to see what object Signor Mussolini proposes to himself in retaining a poor caricature of the forms of constitutional government. He appears to be haunted by an uneasy consciousness of the weakness of his position, that will allow him neither to rely on his ability to maintain himself by constitutional methods, nor to proclaim a frank dictatorship. He repeats that "Liberalism is dead" as often as any British Die-hard or Labour leader; but these hysterical repetitions only suggest a gnawing fear that the corpse will not "stay put." Unfortunately, the violence of his methods is only too likely to generate a corresponding violence in his opponents, and the present despairing inactivity of the Italian opposition will seriously impair their ability to guide the inevitable reaction against Fascismo into constitutional channels.

\* \* \*

The earthquake which has destroyed Santa Barbara, the delectable city of Southern California, is the most decisive catastrophe in a year of remarkable seismic activity. The great mountain State of Montana in the American North-West, a region far from the earthquake zone, has also been shaken, but the two series of earthquakes are seemingly in no way connected. The smallness of the casualty list in California is an astonishing circumstance, all the more so as the shocks occurred mainly in the small hours. The total loss of Santa Barbara is a calamity of a special kind. There was no more paradisaic town on the Pacific coast. Its situation, facing south, is ideal; its environs had been developed, largely in great estates by the millionaire families, in many cases with the aid of architects who respected the traditions of California; and as a consequence Santa Barbara had been preserved from the ruin of the real-estate broker. Needless to say, the work of clearance and rebuilding will be at once begun, national and local relief funds having already been subscribed on a lavish scale.

\* \* \*

The New York "Nation" celebrated its sixtieth anniversary on July 1st. When founded by E. L. Godkin, two months after the Civil War, it was a pioneer adventure in American weekly journalism, and it has maintained its high standards of ability and independence through two generations of unexampled change. Its path has been strewn with difficulties at every stage: inevitably so, since from the days of Godkin to those of its present director, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, the "Nation" has had no formal party affiliation, while its temper and aims have always been those of a minority. In recent years it has been radical, and in respect of European covenants, isolationist; stern in its criticisms of the war-time Allies, and merciless in hostility to the last three American Administrations. One valuable positive service it has performed since the war, by publishing continuously a selection of the more important international documents. This journal, which has, of course, no connection with the American "Nation" save a community of name, is glad to tender its congratulations and to wish Mr. Villard and his colleagues the best of fortune in the years ahead.



### "UNEMPLOYMENT: THE BLIND SPOT"

"We make bold to say that a return to gold this year cannot be achieved without terrible risk of renewed trade depression and a serious aggravation of unemployment. . . . It is difficult to resist the impression that most of our public men try to minimize the importance of monetary influences, because they find the subject an intricate and difficult one. We venture to say that while the public has reconciled itself to the failure of successive Parliaments to solve the unemployment problem, it will not show itself complacent if it should prove that unemployment has been aggravated, gratuitously and on a substantial scale, in the interests of a return to gold. Nor will it avail members then that the course they supported was eminently respectable."

—THE NATION, April 4th, 1925.

IT is a poor thing to say "I told you so," and it is with no desire to claim unusual prevision that we reproduce above an extract from one of the many warnings which we reiterated week by week, when the vital issue of the return to gold was still hanging in the balance. But it seems essential to run the risk of this reproach, unless we are to connive at a dangerous misreading of the economic situation. The causes of the present growth of unemployment are being discussed in leading articles without so much as a passing reference to monetary policy; they were so discussed, for example, in Monday's "Times." On the same day, the House of Commons also discussed the growth of unemployment in full dress debate, and recognition that the gold standard might be a factor in the problem was limited (apart from a confused denial by the Prime Minister) to passing references by Mr. Wheatley and Sir Alfred Mond. The spokesmen of the Labour Party were eager enough to trace our troubles home to specific misdeeds on the part of the Government which they were censuring. Yet both Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden chose to ignore entirely the one action, which, beyond all reasonable doubt, has exercised a really important influence. It is, of course, easy to understand this attitude. "It is awful," said Walter Bagehot, "to write upon the currency." To politicians and journalists the subject is certainly an awful one, and the idea that they may have to give their minds to it is intolerable. Naturally they prefer to descant on well-worn themes like Free Trade, or the evil effects of high taxation which have as much bearing on the relapse of trade as the earthquake in California. Naturally their hearts go out to Mr. Baldwin when he declares that "the effect of monetary policy in my view is often greatly exaggerated."

It is, however, very important, as Mr. Baldwin said, to "get our sense of perspective right," because otherwise "we may be driven collectively into some action that may not be either for the present or for the permanent benefit of the very industries which we are all desirous of helping." And we shall not get our sense of perspective right by ignoring the most important and most indisputable factor. So strong is this conspiracy of mental indolence, that we feel bound to point out that, in attributing the decline of trade to the gold standard policy, we are not being wise after the event. What has happened already (and unfortunately, we must add, what is likely to happen during the remainder of the year) was foreseen and foretold, as the almost inevitable outcome of what the Government so rashly resolved to do. It was foreseen and foretold, not by us alone, but, with varying degrees of emphasis, by almost every serious student of monetary problems. No one spoke before the event with greater emphasis than Sir Josiah Stamp, who has a wider knowledge of economic questions, and a sounder judgment, than almost any other living Englishman. Surely when men of his

outstanding eminence say that if certain things are done, certain consequences will follow, when the things are done, and the consequences follow, there should be some presumption that it may not be absurd to attribute what has happened to what was done.

Nor is that all. That trade was likely to be made worse by the return to gold was admitted in so many words by the official Currency Committee, on whose advice the Government acted. They admitted that British prices were not adjusted "to the improved exchange-value of sterling," and that "we must still be prepared to face a fall in the final price-level here of a significant, though not very large, amount." There, indeed, they stopped; they did not proceed to translate these words, which may have seemed quite innocent to Ministers, into terms of the formidable realities which would certainly have frightened them. They did not say, "We must still be prepared to face a renewal of trade depression bad enough to produce a series of industrial disputes, from which a fall in the wage-level of a significant, though not very large, amount will finally emerge." Probably they did not put it to themselves quite so vividly as that; though this is the only possible channel through which a "significant" fall in the British price-level can be secured. But the Currency Committee knew well enough that the process of a falling price-level would be bad for trade; they regarded it as something unpleasant which "we must be prepared to face." They argued, of course, that despite this it was desirable to return to gold at once, because otherwise the exchange would fall again (a possibility which seemed to them too dreadful to need condemnation), and because the gold standard would yield ultimate advantages. Those are arguments which Ministers can still legitimately employ. They are quite entitled to say to industry, "We know that we are putting you through a very bad time, employers and workpeople alike; but your unemployment and your business losses are a price well worth paying for the sake of rehabilitating the international prestige of the London money market. And we hope that, if you will only face up quickly to the need for all-round wage-reductions, your bad time will not last very long, and that you too may ultimately benefit." But for Ministers to pretend that the return to gold is not an adverse factor in the present trade situation is to fly in the face both of reason and of a weight of authority which includes their own expert committee.

Perhaps one reason why the monetary factor is so persistently underrated is that people have got it into their heads that its influence is confined to the direct effects of a higher Bank rate upon industry. It is pointed out that an addition of, say, 1 per cent., to the interest charges that business men must pay upon bank overdrafts is a comparatively trifling item in their costs of production. That is perfectly true, but it misses the point. The chief industrial significance of a rise in Bank rate is that it is often enough a sign (and the only sign that is readily available) that the volume of credit is to be curtailed, and this reacts on industrial activity very powerfully indeed. But it is not mainly through this channel either that the monetary factor has done its work during the present year. Everything that has occurred so far can be fully accounted for by the simple fact that the sterling-dollar exchange has risen by over 10 per cent. during the past twelve months. Is it really difficult to grasp that this is a tremendous handicap to every industry which has to face foreign competition either at home or abroad? It means that a British manufacturer must accept 10 per cent. less in the sterling which concerns him, unless he can charge



his foreign customers more in terms of the currencies which concern them. It means that a foreign manufacturer can cut his sterling prices by 10 per cent. without sacrificing a cent of what he receives. The difficulty is, of course, aggravated in some cases by the fact that while sterling has appreciated, the franc and the lira have depreciated. It is common enough to recognize that depreciation abroad is an adverse factor to our unsheltered trades; but the appreciation of sterling operates in exactly the same way, and prejudices competition with every country instead of only with one or two.

The point is really fairly simple. It ought not to be beyond the comprehension of any intelligent person, who is prepared to give it two minutes' thought. And, once it is grasped, surely there can be no question as to its immense importance. A difference of 10 per cent. on selling prices is not a trifle; it makes all the difference between reasonably profitable and hopelessly unremunerative trade. It is true that some of our export trades receive partial compensation in the shape of a corresponding reduction in the sterling prices of foreign raw materials; to the cotton trade that compensation is important, and as the rupee has been appreciating along with sterling, the cotton trade has so far little reason to complain. But take the coal industry, whose wages-bill accounts for fully two-thirds of its total costs, and whose export markets are mainly on the Continent. How is it possible to dispute the connection between the two undoubted facts: (1) that the sterling exchange is over 10 per cent. higher than it was a year ago; (2) that the coal trade which just managed to keep its head above water a year ago is now incurring a loss of 1s. 6d. per ton, or about 8 per cent., on export sales?

It is vital that our present troubles should be correctly diagnosed; otherwise the Government in its ram-stam way may plunge us into still grosser follies. For irresponsible levity it would be hard to match Mr. Baldwin's reference to the possibility of wholesale subsidies to industry (as something which might, of course, be quite wrong—he had not gone into the matter yet—but he proposed to do so) at a time when serious wage negotiations are taking place in important industries. But what a remedy for a trouble which is rooted in a big maladjustment between our price-level and our exchanges! The Government has brought us to a pass, from which in all probability the only way out lies through a general deflation, entailing an incalculable amount of suffering and loss and social bitterness, and resulting in all-round wage reductions, in the sheltered as well as the unsheltered trades. To subsidize industry in such circumstances would be to pour out public money in a vain attempt to avert what is inevitable, what Ministers themselves have made inevitable, what the very Currency Committee whose advice they took told them would be inevitable. But the suggestion is highly characteristic of the utter incoherence of ideas, which is the most conspicuous feature of the Government's economic policy. The Pensions Bill imposes new burdens upon industry, and even now, though the Government proposes to transfer part of this new burden to the general taxpayer, it cannot find the money to transfer the whole. Is it necessary to inform Mr. Baldwin that it costs the Exchequer just as much to give a subsidy as to remove a commensurate tax? Is it necessary to remind him that it would be more business-like to do the latter than to chatter about the former? Perhaps it is. No one has nicer feelings than Mr. Baldwin; no one is more public-spirited or disinterested. Unfortunately he seems incapable of grasping the consequences of his actions, or the relation between one thing and another.

## M. CAILLAUX'S POLICY

PARIS, JUNE 30TH, 1925.

LAST night I met a French friend whom I had not seen since my expulsion from France seven years ago. Although not an active politician, he is a warm supporter of the Cartel des Gauches, with as much knowledge of financial and economic questions as most educated Frenchmen—that is, very little—and otherwise quite representative of intelligent opinion of the Left. He complained bitterly of the pressure that England continued to exercise on France, even after the advent of the Left to power, and said that it should have been discontinued when M. Poincaré had gone. I asked him to what particular kind of pressure he referred, and he replied: "Oh, of course, to the action of England in keeping down the franc."

It is astonishing that this delusion continues, but so it is. Nine-tenths of the French people believe that, as M. Millerand said in a speech when he was still President of the Republic, the depreciation of the franc is due to "a conspiracy of international financiers against France, her currency, and her flag." The "Temps" recalled that utterance recently when M. Caillaux had been incautious enough to say that the depreciation of the franc and, in general, the state of French national finances, were the natural consequences of the reckless blunders of the last ten years. M. Millerand, said the "Temps," has given the true explanation and, it added, the conspirators belonged, of course, to the Anglo-Saxon and Germanic countries. Since then M. Caillaux has restricted himself to veiled hints on this thorny question. The other day in the Senate he said that, to avoid hurting any susceptibilities, he would attribute the financial difficulties that he had inherited to some malignant deity.

So long as this mentality exists—and there seems little prospect of its disappearance—every Finance Minister that attempts to put the national finances on a sound basis will come up against it. It makes very difficult a task which would otherwise have no insurmountable difficulties, for France is a wealthy country, and at present more prosperous than any other in Europe. Of course, there is the eternal problem of making the peasant farmers pay taxes, which no Finance Minister has yet solved. The tacit agreement between the wealthy classes and the peasants to put nearly the whole burden of taxation on the less wealthy part of the urban population is the crux of the French financial problem, for the rich and the peasants hold the Senate in the hollow of their hands. The strange method by which that body is elected makes it almost exclusively representative of the rural districts. When to this permanent difficulty is added a popular conviction that the financial situation is due to causes outside French control—namely, the wicked machinations of jealous rivals—the position of a French Finance Minister is not an enviable one. For why should the French taxpayer make sacrifices that will serve no purpose? The only hope is to wait until hard hearts have been softened by *les beaux yeux de la France*.

These considerations have to be taken into account in estimating M. Caillaux's policy. There are many complaints here on the Left that he has been too timid. It is true that he has not, for instance, yet proposed the necessary measures for making the income tax effective. The reason why the yield of the income tax is so poor is that there is no way of ascertaining the taxpayer's real

income, except, of course, in the case of the unfortunate earners of salaries, who pay up to the hilt. Nobody need make a declaration, and, failing one, the income is assessed according to the "external signs of wealth," which means in practice principally the amount of the taxpayer's rent. It is a delightful system for a miserly millionaire living in two rooms, but less satisfactory, for instance, to a doctor with a large family obliged by his practice to live in an expensive quarter. It is, however, always possible to appeal successfully against too high an assessment. Most of the assessments are too low, at any rate on incomes of any size. Several French friends have confided to me the fact that they have paid no income tax at all for some years, and one told me that his tax this year was 300 francs, his income being about 100,000 francs a year. M. Caillaux's original income tax law provided for a compulsory declaration, and it will have to come to that again, but there will be a huge outcry against "fiscal inquisition," and one understands hesitation to start on such a conflict in the present critical situation. Until the floating debt is consolidated, every French Finance Minister will be at the mercy of the banks, and it is almost impossible to do anything to which the bankers object.

M. Caillaux has, at any rate, made one startling innovation—he has declared his determination to balance the Budget. His proposals for dealing with the floating debt, just passed by Parliament, are plainly a desperate remedy for a desperate situation. This year Bonds issued in 1922 for three years fall due, if their holders demand repayment. The total amount is, in round figures, 21,000 million francs. Nearly 2,000 millions have to be repaid to-morrow, and nearly 4,000 millions will be demanded on September 25th. These amounts are now provided by the additional issue of banknotes to the amount of 6,000 million francs just authorized, but no provision has yet been made for the Bonds falling due on December 8th, which amount to rather more than 10,000 million francs. What proportion of these Bonds will be presented for repayment is not, of course, yet known.

The decision to increase the note circulation and issue a "gold" loan to holders of short-term Treasury Bonds was arrived at after several other solutions had been proposed and rejected. What the bankers approved the Parliamentarians disapproved, and *vice versa*. One solution, which was, at any rate, ingenious, was to fix a limit for a total amount of banknotes and Treasury Bonds combined, without fixing the respective proportions of the two categories. This would have enabled Treasury Bonds, as they were presented, to be repaid by issuing banknotes without increasing the floating debt, for no further Treasury Bonds could be issued. The bankers, however, feared that the French public, which does not realize that an unlimited issue of Treasury Bonds at short term is inflation, would have been alarmed by such a measure. The law just passed prevents any further issue of Treasury Bonds by limiting the floating debt to the amount at which it stands after the subscription of the new loan. At present Treasury Bonds are being presented for repayment at a rate said to be about 2,000 million francs a month.

The question now is whether holders of Treasury Bonds will consent to exchange them for the new loan in sufficient quantities to ease the situation. The Ministry of Finance, I understand, hopes for a subscription of 30,000 million francs, but the immediately important matter is to stop the presentation of Treasury Bonds for repayment. That will be done only if Bondholders at present intending to present their Bonds consent to sub-

scribe to the loan. It is to be feared that the subscribers may be chiefly persons that would otherwise renew their Bonds. In that case the floating debt will, of course, be diminished, but the immediate demands on the Treasury will continue. Moreover, the success of the loan depends on the assumption that there will be a further depreciation of the franc, for otherwise there is no advantage in the guarantee of the interest at its gold value at the time of issue, and, if the interest is only 4 per cent., as has been suggested, the investment will not be a very attractive one. There is, of course, the patriotic motive, but that may not be strong enough in a country where gold coins to the value of about 2,000 million francs have been hoarded in private hands since the beginning of the war. Even banknotes are still hoarded in enormous quantities, although their value has been reduced by three-fourths and is still diminishing. This passion for hoarding, one of the motives of which is to evade taxation, is among the causes of French financial difficulties.

It remains to be seen what the effect on public opinion will be of a measure which almost amounts to saying good-bye to the franc. It seems hardly calculated to revive confidence, and, if it does, the revival will militate against the success of the loan. Presumably the rate of exchange at which the loan will be issued will be that at which it is intended eventually to stabilize the franc, but, if it should be found necessary to stabilize at a lower value of the franc, the interest on the loan will be permanently increased. It is a risky experiment, but something had to be done. It was, no doubt, wise to try a voluntary loan first, but a compulsory one for the consolidation of the floating debt may yet become necessary.

This beginning of the system of reckoning in gold value may have important consequences. Already the Government officials, assembled in congress, have demanded that their salaries should be fixed in gold value. They have reason to complain of their present situation. Real wages in France in most trades are higher than before the war, and most private salaries are at least as high in purchasing power, but the salaries paid by the Government are far lower. It was said at the congress that the minimum salary of a Government employee is 3,800 francs a year—less than nine shillings a week—which seems almost incredible. All salaries in the teaching profession are much lower than before the war. For instance, a Professor at the Collège de France, whose pre-war salary was the modest one of 10,000 francs a year, now has 25,000 francs, so that his real salary is reduced by about one half. A professor at a Lycée now starts at 14,000 francs (less than £140) a year. The demand for salaries in gold value is likely to spread, and we may get to prices in gold value. If the franc continues to depreciate, it will become necessary to make taxes payable in gold value, as the example of Germany has shown. The situation, however, is very different from that in Germany during the period of inflation. Two years ago in Germany, although a few were making fortunes, the great majority of the population was in misery. Here the rentiers, of course, are suffering, but the great majority of the population is more prosperous than before the war. There is no reason at all for the present French financial situation except the reckless policy pursued for ten years of piling up huge Budget deficits and covering them by inflation. French finances can be put on a sound basis if the French will face facts and cease to attribute the consequences of their own blunders to the malignity of their neighbours.

ROBERT DELL.



## LIFE AND POLITICS

THE Prime Minister is, in his way, immense. His speech in reply to the motion of censure was, naturally, written with care, and pointed with morals; and one need not say that in manners it was an effective contrast to Mr. MacDonald's opening—in the sermon passages perhaps most of all. But, as we may see from the panic that is running through the Ministerial Press, the throwing out towards the end of the promise of subsidies, for such industries as "seem at the moment beaten down to a position of helplessness," is taken to be the latest example of Mr. Baldwin's incorrigible habit of dropping bricks. Subsidies—"What kind of subsidies?" asked Mr. Snowden pertinently; while Mr. Baldwin's followers, ungratefully declining to acknowledge the success of the sermon (which, curiously enough, the Prime Minister suggested is resented only by the Opposition), ask in dismay what in the world is to happen to the critical negotiations in the coal industry now that the head of the Government has given utterance to a word that is terrible in itself and by association so shockingly un-English. In 1923, it will be recalled, A. G. G. in these columns suggested that the Prime Minister's McConnachie was named Toots. Not yet, I fear, has he contrived to shed that embarrassing partner. The special Baldwinian touch came at the end, when the Prime Minister, looking straight at Mr. MacDonald, made a disarming reference to his unpopular stand in 1914.

Listening to the Earl of Reading, at the British Indian Union luncheon, I turned over the puzzling little problem suggested by the rule that a high-placed Englishman may not show any interest in his subject when speaking at a social or ceremonial affair. Lord Reading has been Viceroy of India for four years, amid conditions never paralleled in any age or any land. He could not, obviously, treat of any public questions, and his incidental reference to the current guessess as to the results of his conferences with the Secretary of State was as neat as could be. But what particularly intrigued me (to use a tiresome cant phrase) was the detachment which his Excellency achieved, in smooth and sounding generalities. He presides over a unique Government, in a land of marvel and portentous movement. And for twenty minutes he seemed to be suggesting that his audience, English and Indian, need not mind about that. Sir Auckland Geddes and a few others can do this kind of thing, but not as Lord Reading does it. What, I wonder, has happened to Rufus Isaacs of the High Court?

Mr. Frank Morley is a young man who has taken the public into his confidence upon a matter that belongs to the region of international high comedy. He is a New Yorker, the youngest of three brothers who hold the record in Rhodes Scholarships. Mr. Morley had the ecstatic ill-fortune to fall in love with a Cambridge girl, and to marry her. It would, he suggests, be uncomplimentary all round to suppose that young Americans working in England should never want to marry English girls. But what happens? The Englishwoman who marries a foreigner thereby becomes an alien, and is treated entirely as such. She loses her English citizenship; must register with the police as the American which she is not, and must, under penalty, notify her changes of address. She has her passport cancelled, and cannot get another. She may, possibly, should she wish to travel abroad, obtain from

the Home Office an alien's permit to leave the country. She is merely, as Mr. Morley puts it, the shadow of an American, apart from whom she has no being.

But surely, as the shadow of an American, she acquires American citizenship? Not at all. Under the new laws of the United States a foreign woman marrying an American may elect her citizenship, but one year's continuous residence is necessary before she is qualified to become an American citizen. The adventure of marriage in these circumstances, therefore, means for an English girl that she becomes a woman without a country. If, as in Mrs. Morley's case, her husband's work is here, she is deprived of becoming his fellow-citizen. Or, if she should wish to retain, or rather recover, her English nationality, she must apply for naturalization and fulfil all the requirements of an alien. Her case, says Mr. Morley pleasantly, is what the lawyers describe as interesting, and in the first joy of marriage it may even provide a little amusement to the victims. It is actually, of course, outrageous and humiliating. Parliament could put it right with the minimum of delay. But in the meantime, where are our "Six-Pointers" and other evangelists of equal citizenship?

As to aliens, I wonder how many newspaper readers took note of the surprising case of Miss Edna Beasley, heard at Bow Street on June 27th. Miss Beasley is an American writer, who was charged with neglecting to register under the Aliens Act. The police, however, were obviously not interested in this technical offence. They were interested in securing an order for deportation, on the ground that Miss Beasley had written an improper autobiography, the proofs of which, coming from France, had been stopped in the post. It was explained that her publishers were the firm responsible for Mr. James Joyce's "Ulysses," and that no communications from them are allowed to pass through the English post. Miss Beasley, happily, was defended by Mr. St. John Hutchinson, who is to be complimented on the intelligence with which he presented the case of a young woman with a remarkable personal record, and on the skill with which he punctured the police witness. The magistrate, Mr. Leicester, did the perfectly right thing in imposing a fine for neglect to register, and declining to notice the matter that was not on the charge. So far, good; but how many of us were aware of Scotland Yard's comprehensive ban upon the publishers of "Ulysses"? Mr. Joyce must be heavily indebted to the police in several continents. Of a book that a few only of the hardest minority could read they have made a legend of mysterious power.

It will be seen that Mr. Peter Wright replies to my strictures upon his shameful charge against Mr. Gladstone. It was a precise charge—namely, that Gladstone's habit was "to pursue and possess every sort of woman." Mr. Wright now says that he was referring, not to "every sort of woman," but to "Mr. Gladstone's pursuit of women in his own level of life." He then cites Lord Milner, another dead man, who, he says, held that Gladstone was entirely governed by "his seraglio." The fact that Milner was "a young and active politician forty-five years ago" does not strike me as any basis for a grave accusation against a great statesman's private character, nor can I see why the vague, or colloquial, phrase that Milner is alleged to have used should be made to carry the sinister meaning that is in Mr. Peter Wright's mind. In any case, a



writer who cares about his own repute, and is thoughtful enough to date his letter from the Bath Club, should hasten to expunge a passage so plainly offensive and indefensible.

\* \* \*

The Tory papers aver that the miners' advocates are making a mess of their case. Many of them doubtless are; but listen:—

"They admit that the present supply of coal is greater than the present consumption... but they stubbornly refuse to take less wages, or to work another hour."

This perfect statement is not from one of the snipppet dailies: it is from an article by a bright expositor of tariff reform—Mr. A. A. Baumann. You may come upon it, in one form or another, a hundred times a week.

\* \* \*

Mr. Lloyd George should not take it for granted that, when speaking in Welsh he may indulge a little carelessness in matters of historical or literary fact. He is reported as saying to a London Welsh congregation that in the reputable histories of England the career of John Wesley is almost passed over. Mr. George, I believe, was at one time given to reading and quoting Ferrero's "Rome." He should come a little nearer home, if only for the pleasure of reading the absorbing chapters on the Methodist revival and its makers in Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century."

KAPPA.

## WESTMINSTER

### THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

(BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

THE House of Commons is getting tedious. More than four hundred of the Government supporters, or about two-thirds of the membership, are forbidden to speak under penalty of not getting a holiday early in August. Some of these never come near it; the rest only in batches. Some wander wearily through corridor or terrace. A number respectable enough to make a show of attendance are shepherded into the Chamber itself, where they loll about as if gagged, while the fortunate ones fall literally to sleep. The heat and the atmosphere are unspeakable. During the Budget debate the Labour Party adopted similar tactics, and scuttled off to bed before midnight. Realizing the advantage this has given to the Liberals, who maintained a fine fight against the Finance Bill to the end, to the making of many reputations, they have altered their plans. But the dominant influence is that the House is sick of politics. Everyone knows that no new Bills will be introduced; that the Government can grind through their scanty programme practically unchanged within a day or two's limitation, and that government by discussion has for the time ceased. There seems no reason why, by one day's resolution, the deplorable programme should not be completed as speedily as possible and the curtain rung down. The Government itself believes that the nation is sick of politics: fortified by the lesson of the by-elections; by the fact that none of the cheap newspapers give anything that could be called a report of a Parliamentary debate; and that the sovereign people are careering over the country in light cars or stopping their char-a-bancs for a moment to refresh themselves with beer. Whether this is actually the case only next autumn will show. Meantime, the intellectual bankruptcy of the Labour Party and the numerical bankruptcy of the Liberal Party have produced a state of affairs in which in a plebescite there would be very few votes against winding up the whole concoction to-morrow and going away.

It was a cruel idea which prompted Mr. Wheatley, who now dominates the rank and file of the Labour Party, metaphorically to fling the unhappy Mr. Mac-

Donald on to the box to move a vote of censure on the Government concerning the unemployed. Cicero himself could make no case for such a motion on such an occasion by such a politician. Four years ago the hapless "leader" of the Labour Party had announced, as Mr. Lloyd George unkindly reminded him, that "the Labour Party had a constructive policy which they could put into operation the next day if they found themselves in a position of Governmental authority in this country." When they found themselves in that position, it was shown that not only had they no means of benefitting the unemployed, but not the slightest conception of what such means could be. Three times last year on votes of censure for their inaction they were only saved by Liberal support from destruction. In no case did they suggest a single measure to benefit these unfortunates. And now the spectacle is being revealed, at once humorous and tragic, of their feebly demanding from the Government what they said they could do themselves on the second day of office. The sight was a distressing one. Mr. MacDonald babbled of green fields and forests, and reclamation and drainage, all of which are as old as Time; none of which the Labour Government had attempted to do themselves. He also talked vaguely about electricity plans, which the Minister of Labour (as he said later on) found "in an utterly rudimentary condition," when he came into office after a year of Labour government. Mr. MacDonald rose amid cheers and sank amid silence. The extraordinary Mr. Baldwin had perhaps the happiest afternoon. In fact, nothing resembling him has probably ever been seen as Prime Minister, so popular, so futile, and so happy in that futility. He had indeed all the cards in his hands, for he had told the nation that there was only one cure for unemployment—Protection—and the voters had refused to accept it, so his hands were clean in the matter. But quite oblivious of this unfortunate dichotomy between Prime Minister and people, he proceeded to expand himself for an hour and a quarter, reading, nakedly and unashamed, enormous sheets of foolscap paper, containing figures or arguments prepared for him by his secretaries or the departments. And instead of being howled down for tediousness or vain repetitions, and for the absolute lack of any kind of palliative or cure, he sat down asserting that his sole object was to make peace between rich and poor, amid loud cheers from all parties in the House. Mr. George gave the only suggestion that all was not lotus-land, by sombre declarations that we were living on our capital, and by demands for figures in the Government's possession, for use in the real debate which is coming on next week. Mr. Wheatley emphasized the difference between himself and the titular leader of the Labour Party by some rousing sentences on the capitalistic system and its wickedness. (He will get him out sooner or later.) Sir Alfred Mond advocated the policy to which he has committed himself with a really remarkable lucidity and attractiveness: and mention must be made of an able and fine-spirited maiden speech by Captain O'Connor, one of the younger Tories, which completely captivated the House. At the end, of course, the Tories swept through one Lobby, Labour through the other, and the Liberals either through the one or the other or neither.

On Tuesday a change came o'er the spirit of the dream. The Labour Party had apparently found that tactics of silence and composure did not work. In consequence, at the commencement of the Committee stage of the Pensions Bill, on the first amendment, practically the whole of the Labour Party from packed benches stood up, almost as one man, to attempt to speak. The House was staggered, for

"Their rising all at once was like the sound  
Of thunder heard remote."

Every time one concluded, throughout the whole of the long hot afternoon, most of the rest repeated these extraordinary evolutions, led by the indomitable Wheatley, while their remaining ex-Cabinet Ministers sat silent in their places or absented themselves from the House. The ostensible subject of debate was whether these pensions should be contributory. The actual verbiage spread far, until even at one time we

found the unquenchable Mr. Lansbury rending the pensions of the Queens and Princesses or fulminating against the system which kept ex-Lord Chancellors from comparative penury. One curious fact was that there was practically no applause between man and man, and the noise was made not by the ejaculation of the throat but by the shuffling of the feet. A few Liberal speakers at long intervals made occasional contributions setting forth Liberal points of view. Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir Kingsley Wood alone on the front bench opposite gazed at this amazing exhibition with an expression like stout Cortez on a peak in Darien. Both made good speeches, not much more than fifteen minutes, although Mr. Chamberlain was handicapped by the fact that he could not or would not give the new figures of contributions. Captain Wedgwood Benn moved that the Committee should report progress until those figures were given, as it was quite obvious that members would be influenced in their votes for a contributory or non-contributory scheme by the amount of contributions extorted. But the Tory flood swept them away like the ancient river, the river of Kishon, and the figures remained conjectural, possibly because the Government had not made up their minds what they should be. Sir Kingsley Wood's speech especially showed that his promotion to the front bench had been thoroughly deserved. Meanwhile, the hundreds of Tories either remained in uffish thought (except the incorrigible Lady Astor, whose perpetual interruptions received something of the reply which they deserved), or wandering perhaps into the House to see what was happening, were astonished to perceive, when a man sat down, one quarter of the House rise as if moved by an automatic machine, and all subside except one, who proceeded to hurl imprecations, denunciations, and maledictions on the comparatively mild-looking pair who sat opposite through it all. It was an agreeable occupation for a hot afternoon, and a welcome variation on recent events.

Perhaps by the time these pages are printed some explanation will be provided of its mechanism. If it is the beginning of a systematic attempt to obstruct the Pensions Bill and fling it over to the autumn, there might seem to be some wild sense in the manoeuvre. But I can find no such explanation advanced, for Labour is as anxious as Toryism to get away as quickly as possible. If it is an attempt to show, like the harp of Tara, "that still she lives," one would think that one cord indignantly breaking, if accompanied or supplemented, might be as effective as this surplusage of musical accompaniment. But I hear that Labour is now imitating the Tories and dividing themselves into waking and sleeping squads, which they ought to have done months ago. An opposition which does not oppose is neither fit for the land nor the dunghill. Then cast it out. The only explanation I have heard advanced at present is that it is a demonstration of the strength of Mr. Wheatley against Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Henderson, and other ex-Cabinet Ministers, for he was the only one who spoke, and they appeared either as silent figures on the front bench or absent from the House, while the Mountain, with clenched fists, from on high announced that whoever introduced it they would never have accepted contributory insurance. So there may be some method in the madness after all.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### "THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE"

SIR,—Professor Gilbert Murray has not quite fathomed the differences between us. I am not an isolationist. I think we cannot withdraw from the affairs of the Continent, we are too near; the interests of the nations are now too interdependent.

There are, however, two ways of exercising our influence:

1. By special Pacts, guarantees and alliances.
2. By the use of the League of Nations as the organ of our relations with the Powers of the Continent.

Professor Murray prefers the first, I am in favour of the latter. It is more in accord with our traditional policy of making use of the Concert of Europe, and is safer in every way than joining in the violent antipathies of the Continent by taking sides with one or other of the great groups of Powers.

Professor Murray seems to have little faith in his League of Nations. Clause 10 was to be a guarantee to satisfy France, but he is ready to go behind it, to belittle it by special pacts, every one of which detracts from its strength.

I see the defects of the League of Nations as at present constituted, for instead of being a real League of Nations, it is a League to carry out the purposes of and secure the fruits of victory to the victorious Powers. It exalts might above right by its constitution which places controlling power in the hands of the strongest. It goes back on the fundamental principle of the equal rights of all nations whatever their size, which was the basis of the public law of Europe before the war. The League's existing constitution creates a super-State and embodies the use of sanctions which will automatically commit its members to war.

I want to see our power and influence exerted through a reformed League, which is not based on force but on consent, co-operation, conciliation, arbitration, and law, as its fundamental principles, each State undertaking for itself that it will not commit an aggression on its fellow members. This at once gets us out of the difficulty of creating a super-State and bases the relations of the League's members on consent, as is the case with the British Commonwealth of Nations, which is based on consent and not on force. It re-establishes at once the equality of its members and precludes the coercion of the minority by the majority.

The Pacts and Treaties of Mutual Assistance which have had the support of Professor Murray, all stereotype the existing Treaties and paralyze the clauses of the Covenant of the League which provide for change. This would oust the fruitful and beneficent action of Great Britain in favour of the modification of the unworkable portions of the Paris Treaties.

The changes I advocate will at once remove the objection felt by America and by the Dominions to the League. Professor Murray regards with equanimity the liability for the ultimate use of force and the exclusion of the Dominions from the proposed Pact. I regard both with the most intense repugnance and alarm. The Dominions will not quietly consent either to being automatically involved in war or to exclusion from the Councils of the Empire, while being subject to all the perils and consequences of a policy which they consider most dangerous.

Until the League is remodelled and made a real League it cannot possibly fulfil the functions of a true League of Nations.

By all means let us use our influence to bring about an agreement between France and Germany (we have been terribly punished for the policy of keeping them separated before the war), but why guarantee this agreement, with all that this must mean in increased armaments, secret understandings, and keeping alive the associations connected with force and war.—Yours, &c.,

PERCY A. MOLTENO.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have come across the following passage in President Harding's speech explaining the American attitude to the existing League of Nations. "In the existing League of Nations, world-governing, with its super-Powers, this Republic will have no part. . . . The aim to associate nations to prevent war, preserve peace and promote civilizations, our people most cordially applauded. We yearned for the new instrument of justice, but we can have no part in a committal to an agency of force in unknown contingencies; we can recognize no super authority. Manifestly, the highest purpose of the League of Nations was defeated in linking it with the Treaty of Peace, and making it an enforcing agency of the victors in the war."

### GERMANY, THE PACT, AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

SIR,—Is it not being assumed much too hastily, in connection with the discussion about the Pact, that Germany will consent to join the League of Nations? In the present state of public opinion, it is doubtful whether any German



Government could survive an unconditional entry into the League.

At the end of last month there was a great debate in the Reichstag, when speaker after speaker, from all parties, rose and protested against any steps being taken which would in any way commit Germany to a Western orientation, to the prejudice of her future friendship with Russia. Again and again the fear was expressed that if Germany were to join without quite special reservations, she would soon find herself in the position of being employed by France as a bulwark against Russia.

I doubt whether public opinion realizes adequately the great suspicion in which the League is held in Germany. There is a very widespread feeling that Germany must not join unless in return for substantial concessions (such as the return of colonial territory).

In the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" (June 21st) we read: "Any German Government that consented to an arrangement whereby troops of another nation were to march through our territory would be immediately overthrown. In the English Press we read that one of the advantages of Germany's entry into the League (from the standpoint of the Entente) would be the turning of Germany towards the West and her defection from an Eastern policy. But it is our essential interest never to lose sight of Germany's historical rôle as mediator between East and West. In this direction we must seek to develop an independent German policy; and under no circumstances must anything lead us away from this path. We should, however, be making a surrender of this policy if we accepted the suggestion of the Entente to join the League without special safeguards."

The delay in the evacuation of Cologne has had a very unfortunate effect in still further prejudicing German opinion against the League and the Western Powers. During the last few months there has been a marked growth in opinions of the kind quoted above.—Yours, &c.,

MEYRICK BOOTH.

Letchworth, June 22nd, 1925

#### "THE GOVERNMENT AND THE EX-SERVICE MAN"

SIR,—In your interesting article "The Government and the Ex-Service Man" you omit to mention that the temporary ex-Service men who are to be granted "a new kind of permanent status, without any sort of qualifying test" have, in the majority of cases, been employed in the Civil Service as temporary clerks (working side by side with non-Service men) since 1918. Surely the test of efficiency is the only real test? It is certainly the test which most business men would prefer to apply.

In view of your remarks *re* the A.E.C.S., it is only fair that your readers should know that this Association has not violated "the tradition which has kept Civil Service questions out of politics" without good precedent. The Civil Service Clerical Association, which is not an ex-Service Men's organization, has been affiliated to the Labour Party since 1921, and contributes a large sum annually to its support.

Much may be said for and against Substitution, and there must, of necessity, be a few cases where its application has caused some hardship. That the efficiency of the Service has suffered is not, however, borne out by results, and one ventures to think that the morale of the Civil Service has not been appreciably injured by the recruitment of men who have successfully upheld their country's prestige in the field.—Yours, &c.,

A. R. BRENNAN.

27, Granard Road,  
Wandsworth Common, S.W., June 30th, 1925.

SIR,—The author of your recent article on this subject deplores the displacement of highly trained temporary Civil Servants by the substitution of ex-Service men, but now that these in their turn have proved their efficiency by some years of public service, is it not equally a matter of regret that they should be dispensed with to make room for boys from school?

It should be remembered that these men have been performing for a modest flat-rate salary, work which, if done by established Civil Servants, whose scale is a constantly ascending one, would have been much more highly paid, and that even the recent offer of quasi permanency to the

temporary only secures him the same fixed rate for the rest of his career.

Even those temporaries who obtained establishment through competitive examination have not thereby gained the status appropriate to their age or standing, enjoyed by their established colleagues, but after perhaps ten years service under the Crown have had to start at the bottom of the scale, as if they were youthful entrants.

The Civil Service Whitley Council had arrived at a fair and agreed settlement on this question of starting pay. It was the ignoring of this by the Government, and the refusal of special consideration by the Treasury, although recommended by the Arbitration Board, which led to the question being taken to Parliament, to the defeat of the Government on this issue, and to the setting up of the Southborough Committee.

As after two examinations, only 6,000 temporaries have been admitted to permanency in the last five years, less than one year's normal intake of the Civil Service, while in the years of the war some 30,000 persons were appointed without any examination at all, it would hardly appear correct to ascribe any alteration in the quality of the Civil Service to this small group of late-comers, or to suggest that the ex-Service men's appeal for reinstatement has gained them anything but a very partial and tardy measure of justice.—Yours, &c.,

EX-SERVICE CIVIL SERVANT.

#### "POLITICS AND THE TREND OF TRADE"

SIR,—I have read your comments upon my letters on the above subject which appeared in your issue of the 27th inst., and trust you will allow me to offer a rejoinder. There is no doubt about the "spilt milk," due as, I believe, in large measure to the financial blundering of the last ten years. The restoration of the gold standard is an endeavour to help to mop up the mess. You may not agree with the policy, but I cannot see how this country could adopt any other course. I can assure you that I am the last person to deny the responsibility or honour, as I regard it, of having had some part in bringing it about. You state that you have "never been able to take the view that intellectual folly or dishonesty is a good foundation for moral courage." It is human to err, so I pass over the accusation of intellectual folly, but dishonesty is a very grave indictment to insinuate, and I must ask you for chapter and verse. The view of this Association was that the Treasury Notes had become depreciated owing to over-issue. According to the Act under which they were issued they were not equal in value to the gold coin which they represented. It appeared, therefore, an act of common honesty as soon as practicable, to restore them to that position. This has now very nearly been accomplished. I agree with you that an appreciated exchange if brought about by artificial means is injurious to trade, but from a recent answer in Parliament the present rate of exchange has not been artificially aided. You are quite right in stating that I adhere, as do most people I believe, to the pre-war gold parity as the only honourable course for this country to support, and believe that such action will eventually reap its own reward.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

Chairman, Executive Committee. Sound Currency Association.

June 30th, 1925.

[We assure Mr. Mason that nothing was further from our thoughts than to accuse him of dishonesty. He lives on a plane of simple faith, where the conceptions of intellectual honesty or dishonesty lose all significance. We understood him to exhort those who take our view that the gold policy is mainly responsible for the bad turn of trade to refrain from pressing this view, because it is out of the question to go back on the gold standard now. The dishonesty would be on the part of those who respond to this appeal, and thus connive at a false diagnosis which may lead to serious mistakes of policy.—ED., NATION.]

#### MR. GLADSTONE

SIR,—I made an imputation against Mr. Gladstone in a book called "Portraits and Criticisms" to which you take exception. I was not referring to his "humane efforts at reclamation" in the streets among the "unfortunate ministers to the sin of great cities," as you assume for the



purpose of refuting me. I never referred to those practices, and nothing in the text of my book entitles you to say I did. I know nothing about them. I referred to Gladstone's pursuit of women in his own level of life, and I have the best of reasons for doing so. Alfred Milner was a young and active politician forty-five years ago. I base my charge on his statements made in my hearing: indeed, Lord Milner held that at all times Gladstone was entirely governed by "his Seraglio." Gladstone's habits affected public affairs: an earnest opponent of Russia and friend of Turkey in the fifties, he became an earnest opponent of Turkey and friend of Russia in the seventies.—Yours, &c.,

The Bath Club.

PETER E. WRIGHT.

[Kappa deals with this letter in "Life and Politics."—  
ED., NATION.]

### "SPREADING MUCK"

SIR,—“H. C.” in last week's NATION expressed the opinion “that no human being should be needed for spreading muck.” To which I would venture to reply that I have yet to visit the “properly equipped farmer” who has been able entirely to replace the human agent in this useful and productive labour. Is it not a sign of the townsman's misunderstanding of the country that such statements should be made? Education: yes. But let us have the right kind of education—not silly nonsense about the degrading character of such operations as dung-carting and spreading. As one who has done the work on field and allotment, and who hopes to do it again, I see nothing degrading about it. I have lived for years next to a manure yard and enjoy to-day better health than seventy-five per cent. of our town-bred population. If I may give a word of advice to “H. C.,” it is this. Before going to the country, study the muck problem of our cities. Why do our City Councils, controlled as they are by “educated” citizens, dump their city refuse on the countryside to pollute the air and spread infection? Here is an illustration of the selfish uneconomic ways of townspeople. Properly treated, the said refuse would be better than gold to the land. (By the way, our City Fathers still employ human beings with sacks to collect the filthy refuse! For shame, “H. C.”!)

In conclusion I would ask: If there is so much lacking in the country, why do all our cities revitalize their anæmic populations by such strong draughts of country-bred people who for generations have been closely associated with “muck” and “muck spreading”?—Yours, &c.,

S. GRAVESON.

Ayot St. Lawrence, Hertfordshire.

### PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

SIR,—As one who has made a sincere effort to discover the place taken by Sigmund Freud among modern psychologists, may I utter an emphatic protest against the tone of the review of the “Collected Papers” contributed by Prof. Tansley to the NATION of June 13th? From such passages as “producing the impression of a living insight into the patient's mind”—passages which occur throughout Prof. Tansley's article—one would gather that the psycho-analytic doctrine of Freud was to be regarded as an epoch-making contribution to the science of psychology comparable with the Copernican theory in Astronomy and the Einstein theory in Physics. If, however, one examines the writings of leading exponents of psychology, one will find only the scantiest and vaguest references either to Freud or to his theories. In an article entitled “Le Système du Docteur Freud,” published in “Le Mercure de France,” July, 1924, an abstract of which appears in the current number of the “Journal of Mental Science,” the writer, Dr. Marcel Boll, speaks of “two new Chapters of Science, viz., the Relativity Theory of Albert Einstein, and the Psychoanalysis of Sigmund Freud,” and adds:—“Both have been defended with zeal and attacked with passion. But there the comparison ends: for while the work of Einstein has placed him, almost in spite of himself, side by side with Newton and Galileo, the system of Freud the psychiatrist has never been approved even in his own circle, by any student worthy of the name” (the emphasis is mine).

Nevertheless, psycho-analysis has not gone entirely without attention. Two entirely hostile criticisms, those, namely of Wohlgemuth (“Critical Examination of Psycho-Analysis,” Allen & Unwin, 1923), and of P. McBride (“Psycho-analysts Analysed,” Heinemann, 1924), were published recently. Dr. Devine, writing of the first of these in the “British Medical Journal,” March 3rd, 1924, says that “Dr. Wohlgemuth's criticisms are damaging to some of the vital doctrines of psycho-analysis, and would certainly seem to demand a reasoned reply from the exponents of Freud's teaching.” Until such a reply is forthcoming, until for instance, Wohlgemuth's criticism of the “Little Hans Story” (*op. cit.* p. 170 *et seq.*), so favourably noticed by Dr. Tansley, has been met and answered, such a review as the one in question is, I protest, entirely misleading.—Yours, &c.,

E. C. ALLMOND, B.Sc. (Lond.).

Brockley, S.E.4., June 17th, 1925.

## CONTEMPORARY WRITERS\*

### II.—MR. D. H. LAWRENCE

By EDWIN MUIR.

MR. LAWRENCE'S most obviously striking quality as a writer is a kind of splendour, not of the spirit, nor of the mind, but of the senses and the instincts. His spirit is exalted only when it takes fire from his senses; his mind follows the fluctuations of his desires, intellectualizing them, not operating in its own right. But his senses can be set alight by anything natural. They reach far, downwards and upwards, and they drink joy from everything they touch. The sun and moon, the sea, trees and flowers, animals, sex, instinctive love and hatred—of all these he has written in a new way, and as if he were not their observer, but a mystical sharer in their being. They absorb him into themselves while he writes, but, having absorbed him, they give him their riches, suffusing his senses, and through them his mind and soul, with a confused magic which is purely of the earth. So it is often difficult in reading him to tell whether his magic is a satisfaction of his being or a bondage, whether he is exercising it or is in its power. His novels produce always a double impression—of a breaking through, and of an imprisonment in the strange and beautiful, but subterranean, realm to which he has broken

through. From this subterranean place he sees a far richer world than others do who are content with the light of day. His trees and flowers he seems to see almost from the inside; they have an interior glow and a violence of being which could only be rendered by one who by an unconditional act of imagination entered into their life. Mr. Lawrence's imagination has done this so completely that it has never entirely emerged again. There seems nothing natural which it cannot enter into, either in nature or in the instinctive life of men and women. It recoils solely before most of the things in which the imagination has till now found its inspiration: the conscious life of mankind, ordinary relations and problems, the tragedy and comedy of life as we know it. Mr. Lawrence has deepened these for us, but he has also dived beneath them so far that in effect he ignores them. And that is because he is on the side of the instincts, and against all the forms, emasculated or deformed, in which they can be manifested in a civilized society. His view of life is one-sided in a magnificent and obvious way, like the instincts, or like nature.

This one-sidedness, however, is the chief source of his strength as well as of his weakness. It is his identification of himself with nature which gives him that

\* No. I., treating of Mr. Lytton Strachey, appeared in THE NATION on April 25th.

extraordinary knowledge of natural potencies which seems occult to more rational minds. The identification is so close that in describing nature he writes not merely like one who sees with his eyes and his imagination, but like one whose whole being, whose blood, lusts, instincts, and senses are ecstatically sharing in the life of the thing described. We smell and touch the objects he describes, and he makes us feel such things as heat and cold, growth and decay, more vividly than any other writer has done. His landscapes are vivid not because they are visually clear, but because they are intensely apprehended by all the senses together, as if there were between Mr. Lawrence and nature an unspoken masonic understanding. They are peculiarly radiant and full, yet dreamlike, as if they were reflected not in the mind but in the blood.

Even his most rapid descriptions have this dream-like quality. When in "The Boy in the Bush" Jack Grant rides after the kangaroo, we do not see the grey scrub, the grey-white sand, the yellow light, as vividly as Mr. Masfield would have made us see them, and Mr. Forster would have given us a clearer impression of movement and flying trees. With Mr. Lawrence, on the other hand, we pass through a very vivid but rather vague experience, in which we seem to see something in Jack Grant passing into the landscape, and something in the landscape passing into him. This out- and in-flowing communicates to everything a heightened life; the substance of experience is changed as if by alchemy. A communication has been established, a number of potencies have been released, and these alter everything. The horses which follow Ursula Brangwen over the wet field in "The Rainbow" give us the same feeling. They are not visual entities merely, nor are they psychological ideas in Ursula's mind. They are rather instincts which have suddenly become articulate, and which communicate with Ursula through the unconscious language of identification and repulsion—the two great forces which in their many forms Mr. Lawrence has described again and again in his novels and poems. For this unconscious communication all his characters strive; it is their fulfilment, and the intellect has hardly any part in it. On this field everything in his novels happens. He has not deliberately sought it out for description. On the contrary, it is plainly the realm of consciousness which he can best describe.

Nature he comprehends mainly through identification: mankind he comprehends almost as much by repulsion. What he understands in his characters is not the qualities which make up their personalities, but rather the thing which arouses this unconscious attraction or repulsion: their natural foundation, healthy or the reverse. He apprehends this exactly and subtly, with an unconscious knowledge which men in cultivating their intellects have almost lost, and the remaining remnants of which they distrust. But Mr. Lawrence trusts this unconscious knowledge more than anything else. The responses of his instincts are not merely phenomena to him, to be judged by the mind; they are truths whose force is conclusive. What he tells us about his characters is simply what these responses tell him.

It is difficult to define what that is. But if we were to grant that the instinctive body of man had an outline of its own, forming a large and fluctuating envelope surrounding his actual body, then that would be what Mr. Lawrence habitually describes. Action arises in his novels when the instinctive field of one character impinges on that of another, producing something like an electric shock. Two vital principles are enraged, violated, or glorified by each other, while the mind looks on and knows its irrelevance. Thus Fate in Mr. Lawrence's novels is not woven by character, but by instincts which colour character, and sometimes seem independent of it. He has described these as they have never been described before. He shows them in all their states: in their insatiability, their almost mystical peace when they are at rest, their cunning which makes

them move crookedly to their goal, their acrid surrender when they are finally defeated, their wisdom which is like that of a being of vast experience.

His problem as an artist was to present clearly this drama of the instincts. In reckoning up his success and failure one must take account not only of his achievement, but of the difficulties of his task. These were enormous. He had to translate into a conscious thing, language, states which are fluid and unconscious, and cannot be directly denoted.

He tried to do this by employing a peculiarly telepathic style, a style which does not render things so much as the feeling of things. Sometimes merely an unavailing struggle with language, a senselessly repeated assault which does not break through, this style has splendid moments when it sets the object before us in the full glow of its aura. His dialogue is a graph of the movements of the instincts: it does not depict character, nor define situation. Like his narrative style, it has an underlying content, suggested by the words, but not contained in them; and that is the most important thing. So his characters sometimes say things which as conscious statement are absurd, while as delineation of the unconscious they are true. In "The Rainbow," for example, Skrebensky's "heart grew smaller, it began to fuse like a bead. He knew he would die." But he does not die, he is not even at a supreme crisis in his life; Mr. Lawrence takes him through many more crises of the same kind. Again, in "The Boy in the Bush," Jack Grant "could feel his body, the English cool body of his being, slowly melting down and being invaded by a new tropical quality. Sometimes he said to himself, he was sweating his soul away. That was how it felt: as if he were sweating his soul away. And he let his soul go, let it melt away out of his wet hot body." Yet in the next chapter there is no sign of this tremendous change. Things like these happen constantly in Mr. Lawrence's novels, and that is bad; it shows that he has not found the indisputable form for his thought. But there is a justification in imagination for them; they are true to the workings of the instincts. For the instincts are only concerned, so far as we know, with absolutes. They recognize only things like life and its opposite. For a frustration or an insurmountable obstacle they have only a word like "death." And so, in delineating the instincts, it was a fine stroke of imagination to omit the conditional, which only belongs to conscious life, and to set absolute against absolute, life against death, stating both opposites in their full power, and indicating in the fluctuating line through which they flow into each other the line of life. The outline which emerges is not that of life as we know it, but it is something which deeply corresponds to it.

Mr. Lawrence, then, secures his effect thus far, though in a manner which commits him to an almost habitual exaggeration. He shows us the life of the instincts. But he has never shown us an instinct coloured by the personality which it occupies: he has never drawn a complete character. We remember the scenes in his novels; we forget the names of his men and women. We should not know any of them if we were to meet them in the street, as we should know Anna Karenina, or Crevel, or even Soames Forsyte. We never ask ourselves whether they would have done this or that; we have never met people like them, or rather everybody we have met is, at a certain unpredictable level, like them. They are not men and women; they are male and female. They all love in the same way, or at most in two or three ways. Any of them can become one of the others at one of those crises in Mr. Lawrence's novels when everything is dissolved in instinct. Jack Grant is the good, natural man in "The Boy in the Bush," Easu, the bad; yet Jack is often given Easu's emotions, and becomes Easu when he is directly opposed to him, reaching identification through hatred.

Thus character in Mr. Lawrence's novels is always melting into instinct, and human nature into nature pure and simple. He does outline a struggle, vague and



obsessed, between the humanly acquired attributes of his characters and instinct, but that struggle would be infinitely more moving if the two sides were more equally balanced. He was right in making the struggle vague, for it is vague; it has not the clarity which moralists and theologians have given it. But he was wrong in not stating more impressively the second factor, as essential as the first. In that he shows most clearly his chief limitation: his necessity to be always on one side, and to realize it so intensely that he becomes blind to the other. So he is unfair to everything conscious—to civilization, the mind, character, in all of which art finds so much of its subject-matter. He has written about these in his essays, but he has never brought them into his art. He desires, one sometimes feels, to build up again on the basis of the instincts all that has already been built up, partly on them and partly on other things. He hates the intellect when it is free and working by its own laws, for he wishes it to be an extension, perhaps a sublimation, of the instincts, and to say over again in a different language what they say. So he has little appreciation of the mind, the soul and character, in themselves. He shows us one marvellous province of life, but not, like the great artists, life itself.

The tragedy in his novels is a tragedy not of outward misfortune, nor of personality, but rather of subterranean defeat. The agonized breaking of an instinct against an obstacle too strong for it is a recurring motive in his novels. In "England, My England" the young wife "prayed beside the bed of her child. And like the Mother with the seven swords in her breast, slowly her heart of pride and passion died in her breast, bleeding away. Slowly it died, bleeding away, and she turned to the Church for comfort, to Jesus, to the Mother of God, but most of all to that great and enduring institution, the Roman Catholic Church. She withdrew into the shadow of the Church. She was a mother with three children. But in her soul she died, her heart of pride and passion and desire bled to death, her soul belonged to the Church, her body belonged to her duties as a mother." That is not Mr. Lawrence at his best. I have quoted it because it is rather a melodious echo of a score of other scenes where his extraordinary powers are most clearly shown. It is clear that this kind of tragedy is not fully human, for the simple reason that when the unconscious powers of the character are exhausted, there is no conscious power left to carry on the struggle. The will is not merely weak and inarticulate, it is in abeyance; it does not come into action. To this tremendous extent the tragedy in Mr. Lawrence's novels fails in significance. It is a tragedy almost purely of nature rather than of human nature; it might befall a lion caged or a tree mutilated as easily as a human being thwarted in his unconscious desires. It is new in literature, it is sometimes very beautiful, but it has not the full significance of human tragedy.

The revolt against the forms of conscious life was in Mr. Lawrence's work at the beginning. It was only formulated intellectually in his later works. But the formulation did not mark a true development; it did not enrich and clarify his art, but rather made it didactic. His vision is not more lucid now than it was in "The Rainbow"; his philosophy is only more set and clear. That philosophy, in other words, has not been fused with his art; it has been arbitrarily imposed upon it. So we have a novel like "Kangaroo," which is mostly loose discussion, and a tale like "The Captain's Doll," which is falsified to point a moral. More and more Mr. Lawrence's theories are encroaching on his art, and pushing it out. And this misfortune was bound to happen, simply because his art has never attained clarity in itself, and therefore something possessing clarity had to be set alongside it to illumine it. Through an inner weakness, or that negligence which he dignifies into arrogance, Mr. Lawrence has not brought his art to its perfection; and he theorizes because there is something which he cannot see clearly enough to describe.

There remain his gifts, splendid in their imperfection, thrown recklessly into a dozen books, fulfilling themselves in none. His chief title to greatness is that

he has brought a new mode of seeing into literature, a new beauty which is also one of the oldest things in the world. It is the beauty of the ancient instinctive life which civilized man has almost forgotten. Mr. Lawrence has picked up a thread of life left behind by mankind, and at some time it will be woven in with the others, making human life more complete, as all art tends to do. He has written of what he has rediscovered as only a great writer could. Life has come to him fresh from the minting at a time when it seemed to everyone either soiled or banal. He has many faults, and several of these are wilful. He has not fulfilled the promise shown in "Sons and Lovers" and "The Rainbow." He has not submitted himself to any discipline. But if he has not written any completely satisfying work, he has written in almost all his books more greatly than any other English writer of his time. And, what is perhaps most important, he has awakened our minds to the existence of a new realm of consciousness, in which his successors may find riches of supreme value.

### THE CHILD\*

By VSEVOLOD IVANOV.

Translated by VERONICA DEWEY.

#### IV.

O H you gloomy sands of Mongolia! You dark-blue rocks, you sinister streams, running deep in the earth!

The Russians rode over the sands. It was night and the sand smelt of heat and wormwood.

The dogs in the village were barking at wolves and at the dark.

The wolves in the darkness were howling at the town and at death.

The Kirghiz were running away from death.

"Shall we be able to drive the herds away from death?" they asked.

Over the sands the green, stifling darkness lay quivering. The sands could hardly hold it back, and the next moment it had torn itself away and fluttered to the West.

From the Kirghiz village came a smell of manure and sour milk. Thin, hungry children sat round the yellow wood-fires, and near them lay lean, sharp-nosed dogs. The huts were like haystacks, and beyond them was a lake, and reeds.

Someone in the reeds shot at the yellow fires.

"O . . . o . . . at!"

At once the Kirghiz sprang out of their huts, and began shouting in alarm, at first singly and then all together:

"Murder . . . Murder . . . The Russians . . . Murder . . ."

They fell on their horses, which were kept bridled day and night. The huts and the steppe were full of stamping feet, and from the reeds came the cry of wild duck:

"Ak . . . Ak . . ."

A grey-bearded man was the only one to fall from his horse. In doing so his head struck a cauldron. He upset it, scalded himself and began bellowing in a deep voice. But a shaggy dog was standing near, with its tail between its legs, and it timidly thrust a hungry nose into the hot milk.

The mares were neighing shrilly and the sheep were tearing up and down the fold, as though in terror of wolves. The cows breathed heavily, as if they were panting for breath.

Drevesinin hastily poured some milk into a flat Austrian flask, and cracking a small whip, drove the cows and calves towards a hut. As soon as they were untethered, the calves quickly thrust their heads against their mother's soft udder and gleefully seized her teats in their large, soft lips:

\*The first part of this story appeared in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of June 27th, 1925.



"You hungry devils. . . ." said Drevesinin, and drove the cows on. Aphanasi Petrovich made one more tour of the village, and was just going away when he suddenly remembered that he must have a nipple.

"The devils have forgotten a nipple."

He rushed from hut to hut, looking for a nipple. The lights were out, but he seized a fire-brand with sparks spurting from it, and coughing with the smoke, proceeded to look for a nipple.

The fire-brand cracked in one hand and in the other he held a revolver. But the nipple could not be found.

Aphanasi Petrovich grew angry and in one hut shouted at a young Kirghiz woman:

"A nipple, you cow, give me a nipple."

The Kirghiz woman burst into tears and began hurriedly unfastening her silk coat and then her chemise.

"Ni . . . Kirek . . . Al . . . Al . . ."

Beside her on a felt mat lay a crying baby, wrapped in rags.

The Kirghiz woman sat cross-legged.

"Al . . . Al . . ." she exclaimed.

But at that moment Aphanasi Petrovich seized her by the breast, squeezed it, and whistled with delight.

"Here is a nipple. . . . Ah!"

"Ni kirek . . . ni . . .," stammered the Kirghiz woman.

"It is all right. Don't make a row. Come along," and he dragged her after him, by the arm.

The fire-brand fell to the ground and darkness reigned in the hut.

In the dark he set her on his saddle, and from time to time, as he bore her away to Selivanov's ravine, he felt her breasts.

"I have found it, lads," he said joyfully on his return, and tears stood in his eyes.

"When I look for something, mate, I find it. . ."

## V.

In the camp was discovered what Aphanasi Petrovich had failed to notice in the dark, namely, that the Kirghiz woman had brought her baby with her.

"Let her keep it," said the peasants. "There is enough milk for both of them. We have cows now, and she is a healthy woman."

The Kirghiz woman was silent and stern, and suckled the children unseen by anyone. They lay near her on a felt mat in the tent—the one white and the other yellow—and wailed in unison.

But only a week later Aphanasi Petrovich said at the general assembly:

"There is cheating going on, comrades. That filthy Kirghiz woman is surreptitiously giving all her milk to her own child, and ours has only the dregs. I have spied on her."

The peasants went to see: like all babies, the children looked like ripe melons, one white and the other yellow. But the Russian seemed to be somewhat thinner than the Kirghiz.

Aphanasi Petrovich spread out his arms:

"I gave him the name of Vaska . . . and this is what has happened."

"Vaska, how puny you are!" said Drevesinin.

They found a stick and measured it off on the shaft of a wagon, so that one end might not outweigh the other. Then they hung the children from the two ends to see which was the heavier. Both wailed in their rags as they hung in the air, suspended by hair ropes, and the subtle smell of babies came from them. The Kirghiz woman stood crying near the wagon, not understanding what was going on.

The peasants looked on in silence.

"Let go!" said Selivanov.

Aphanasi Petrovich let go of the stick, and at once the little Russian boy was up in the air.

"The yellow-mouthed cow," said Aphanasi angrily, "she has overfed her own child."

He picked up the dried skull of a sheep, which lay on the ground, and placed it on the Russian baby. It made the children hang evenly.

A hubbub arose among the peasants, and they began shouting:

"She has overfed her child by a whole sheep's head, mates."

"You won't watch her. . . ."

"What a beast!"

"There is other work to be done, besides watching children."

"How will you watch them?" echoed the peasants.

"Remember she is a mother. . . ."

Aphanasi Petrovich began stamping his feet and screaming:

"According to you, a Russian is to die for the sake of a Kirghiz. . . . Why should Vaska die? . . ."

They looked at Vaska lying there white and thin, and grew troubled.

"You get rid of him," Selivanov said to Aphanasi Petrovich, "the Kirghiz baby must die. So many of them have been killed that one more. . . ."

The peasants looked at Vaska and silently went away.

Aphanasi Petrovich took the Kirghiz child and wrapped it in a torn sack.

The mother set up a howl, but he struck her lightly on the mouth and went out of the ravine into the steppe.

## VI.

Two days later the peasants were standing on tip-toe at the entrance of a tent and peeping over one another's shoulders to see the Kirghiz woman sitting on a felt mat and feeding the white child.

Her face was submissive, and her eyes as narrow as a grain of oats, and she was dressed in a mauve silk coat and morocco leather boots.

The child beat upon her breast with his little face and twisted up her coat in his tiny hands, while his legs kicked ridiculously and awkwardly, as if he were jumping about on the floor.

The peasants laughed uproariously as they looked at him, but Aphanasi Petrovich glanced at him tenderly.

"Look at him having his food. . . ." he said plaintively, and sniffed as he spoke.

Beyond the cloth tent, the ravine, the steppe and the strange country of Mongolia stretched away to unknown distances.

Nobody knows how far that fierce and sullen beast, Mongolia, stretches.

## FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

LAST week at the Queen's Hall Mr. Goossens conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra in a concert of the type now most affected by persons of taste. In music as in literature a natural reaction against the nineteenth century continues strong, and the eminent composers who flourished between Haydn and Debussy are no longer overworked. Mr. Goossens might have spared us Sir Hamilton Harty's arrangement of the Londonderry Air, and the "Nuit de Mai" overture by the too unvarious Rimsky Korsakov. But the new Honegger Chant de Joie was agreeable, and Debussy's "Fêtes" is a delightful work, as spectacular as a Manet, and as gay as a Morisot. The orchestra was not at its best, however, and it took Madame Marcelle Meyer to put us in a proper state of excitement. A pianist much admired in Paris for her interpretation of contemporary music, she played at the Queen's Hall two concerti, the Bach in D Minor, and the Mozart in the same key. She ended with the piano arrangement of "Petrouchka," which seems to me the butchery of a masterpiece to make a virtuoso's holiday—a mighty strenuous one. But if it has to be played, it could not be played better, and Madame Meyer, unlike almost the only other pianist who dares to tackle it, never reminded one of an electric pianola working on too strong a current. There were moments when it seemed the piano must knock out the pianist, but she emerged, like Car-

pentier or Lenglen, with colours flying. Already she had won our eyes by her boyish *chic*, and our intellects, in the Bach, by the lean integrity of her technique. But in the Mozart she won our hearts. Never have I heard the second movement better played, and it is one of the most beautiful things in art. I wish we could hear her more often in such works. It is vigorous pianists like Madame Meyer who can make, when they choose, the most melting music.

I have never seen such enthusiasm in the audience at the Coliseum as there was last Monday at the end of the new Diaghileff ballet "*Les Matelots*." The success was justified. "*Les Matelots*" is very much better than any of the new ballets which we have seen during this and the previous season of Russian ballets, though it is not as good as the best of the older ones. It is extremely amusing and light-hearted, often grotesque and fantastic, and it carries the art of the ballet one more step in the direction of deliberate disintegration to which all the most modern art seems to be travelling. The choreography, for which M. Massine is responsible, is highly original. The scenery of M. Pruna admirably fits in with the dancing and music, and has a curious quality of witty burlesque, if not caricature. The dancers were all at the top of their form. Mdle. Nemtchinova has some dull dancing to do in the first scene, but after that she is charming; Mdle. Sokolova is most amusing; M. Woizikovsky is magnificent as the sailor lover; and M. Slavinsky and M. Lifar, as the first and second sailors, are hardly inferior.

The other night something happened to me which one would have thought could only have been invented by a satirist. I had just occupied my stall at the New Oxford Theatre on the first night of "*Così è se vi pare*" when a man nervously sat down next to me and began hurriedly reading the printed synopsis of the play. Presently a critic came up to talk to me. When he had gone, the stranger, realizing I was a pressman like himself, whispered: "I wish you would tell me something about this. I know no Italian. Who is the author and who's the most important person in the cast?" Sympathetically I explained; but, unfortunately, let myself go in a rhapsody in praise of Pirandello. He looked at me suspiciously: "Are you going to say all that?" Unwisely I said I was. At this moment the curtain rose, and at the end of the first act he left the theatre. I have been wondering ever since what newspaper he represented.

"*Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*" is to "*Hay Fever*" as a suet pudding is to a soufflé. Both are concerned with the vagaries of a German actress of a certain age; of the Victorian age, in Mr. Ervine's case. Mary Westlake is a more improbable character than Judith Bliss and has more improbable, but less amusing, adventures. Of course (like the prostitute in "*Spring Cleaning*"), she has a heart of gold, but this does not atone for her crudity and ill manners. Judith's sense of humour more than makes up for her behaviour, but Mary lacks this essential also. Mr. Ervine's play is very old-fashioned, although, with the superior knowledge of a dramatic critic, he has padded it out with "shop" jests about poetic drama, business managers, and the public. To a member of the younger generation it is also rather shocking. Bad language, flirtatious clergymen, calf love, elderly vampires out of Gilbert, sniggering parlour-maids, these are not daring but disgusting, if all psychology is eliminated as it is here. A delightful scene in "*On with the Dance*" has shown the alluring qualities of the frills and long skirts of the Victorian chorus girl; but the "conduct" of these very frills can be infinitely more unpleasant than the kick of a bare leg. "*Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*" is out of date, but it is not "clean as a whistle." On the night I went, the audience were not responsive, and the cast, in consequence, over-acted. Miss Eva Moore worked painfully hard, but she was flogging a dead horse, and one doubts whether even Miss Tempest's humorous eyebrow could have carried off such a play.

The performance of Fletcher's "*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*," by the Renaissance Theatre at the New Scala, indicated rather than realized its unquestionable possibilities as an acting play. The opening of the play is bound to drag a little, but the pace was scarcely fast enough at any time. And the delightful complications of the plot did not often come out very vividly. This must, of course, be expected at all such revivals. Neither the actors nor the producers are to blame for the fact that these performances can scarcely ever be adequately rehearsed. At the Scala, not only did all the principal actors know their parts, but an attempt to elaborate the scenes to the degree necessary for a regular production of the play had been made. Consequently the performance was on the whole very agreeable. Mdle. Jeanne de Casalis, the Margarita, acted very well and carried herself with easy distinction—the distinction of a Millais rather than a Vandyck perhaps; and her method of speaking English which seems to be based on that of Miss Ada Reeve is not quite appropriate to the delivery of Elizabethan blank verse. A pleasing performance all the same. Miss Muriel Pratt as Estifania was a little too conscious that she was acting in costume, but on the whole she was very good. Mr. Baliol Holloway looked too intelligent for the part of Perez, but his acting was admirable throughout. Mr. Thesiger's acting was indifferent for once, but on his first appearance he looked so truly Valladolid and Philip the Third that for a moment one forgot the quite unforgivable stage set. The one perfect piece of acting in the whole performance was that of Miss Margaret Yarde in the part of an old woman.

"*The Beggar's Opera*," so far as production is concerned, is as lively as ever; whether it is as entertaining is for personal taste to decide. Personally, I feel that this revival follows a little too quickly on the last. Macheath and Polly, the Peachums, Filch, and the rest sang their pretty songs and cut their amusing capers in the well-remembered manner, and every sound and movement was rapturously applauded. Indeed, this sprightly little opera is like to be killed by too much kindness. Under the burden of the almost hysterical enthusiasm of the sentimental first-night audience it was forced into becoming a series of "turns." This may be enlivening to the actors and gratifying to the producer, but it tampers rather violently with the charm of the thing as a whole. Frederick Ranalow, Kathlyn Hilliard, Scott Russell, and others play their original parts with marionette-like perfection, and achieve again the precision of gesture and tone that gives the production its fantastic daintiness. Miles Malleon, as Filch, was rather huskier than the part required, and Sara Allgood, the new Mrs. Peachum, seemed a little uncertain at times.

#### Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

- Saturday, July 4. Paintings and Drawings by Paul Cézanne at the Leicester Galleries.
- Cartoons and Sketches of Sir F. Carruthers Gould at Spring Gardens Galleries.
- Sunday, July 5. "*Prisoners of War*," 300 Club, at the Court.
- Monday, July 6. "*Charlot's Revue*," at Prince of Wales.
- "*Comfort*," at Q Theatre.
- Vladimir Cernikoff, Pianoforte Recital, at 8.30, at Æolian Hall.
- Bianca Sebastiani, Song Recital, at 5.30, at Wigmore Hall.
- Magi String Quartet, at 8.30, at Wigmore Hall.
- Tuesday, July 7. "*We Moderns*," at New Theatre.
- Wednesday, July 8. Vivien Lambert, Vocal and Orchestral Recital, at 8.30, at Wigmore Hall.
- Thursday, July 9. Gramophone Congress at Central Hall.

OMICRON.



## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## THE END OF SENSIBLE CONVERSATION

TO anyone who shares my passion for diaries and autobiographies I can recommend four delightful books which have recently appeared: "Mary Hamilton," edited by Elizabeth G. Anson (Murray, 16s.); "The Journal of Clarissa Trant, 1800-1832," edited by C. G. Luard (Bodley Head, 18s.); "Tom Moore's Diary," edited by J. B. Priestley (Cambridge University Press, 6s.); and Volume IV. of "The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen," translated by Mrs. Garnett (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.). I have given the books in their chronological order, for, apart from their other merits, if you read them consecutively in that order, you can have the vivid experience of living vicariously in four personalities through the period from 1768 to 1855. I am quite certain that by no other method could one obtain so accurate and acute a sense of history, of what it felt like to live in any of those eighty-seven years, than by living them again in the bare jottings of diaries or the reminiscences of these contemporaries.

The four diarists and autobiographers, widely different in character, were all remarkable people or lived somewhat remarkable lives. Mary Hamilton, niece of the Sir William Hamilton who married the notorious Emma, is the least interesting personality, but what a strong whiff of the eighteenth century comes from her diary and from the letters printed in this book! No period in the world's history is, I think, quite so dead to-day as the eighteenth century, and that is why it is so fascinating to be for an hour or so brought alive in it by the good, simple, rather stupid Mary Hamilton. No one could have been more in the middle of it all than Mary. She began as governess to George III.'s children, and the Prince of Wales, aged eighteen, fell in love with her for a brief moment until he succumbed to the more congenial charms of Mrs. Robinson. One can see the future George IV. in the Prince's astonishing letters, particularly those in which he describes to Mary his sudden passion for Mrs. Robinson. Could anything, in its way, be finer than this postscript:

"P.S.—Adieu, Adieu, Adieu, toujours chère. Oh! Mrs. Robinson."

The servitude of eighteenth-century court life was too much for Mary, and she escaped from it into the most elegant and cultured London society of the years 1782 to 1785. Her diary shows that she was most frequently in the company of the Garricks, Horace Walpole, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Burneys. When Dr. Johnson is at dinner, she records his conversation in considerable detail, but usually she is irritatingly content to remark that it was "a very pleasant evening," or that Mr. H. Walpole's conversation had been "perfectly pleasant," or that "Mr. Burke, Mr. Walpole, and one or two more were very entertaining." Mary's character and the atmosphere of the age are, I think, most charmingly given in two entries in her diary in the year 1784:—

"1st March. Mrs Saxton came . . . I believe a very good kind of woman . . . I often meet with sensible & good People whom, notwithstanding I respect them, tire me to death. . . ."

"March 3 . . . at ½ past 4 went to ye Veseys to dinner, Sr Joshua Reynolds & Miss H. More & Mr Tuttridge din'd there. Mr T. is one of ye King's Gentlemen Usshers, a good humour'd Coxcomb; we did not leave ye dining-room till 7. Mr Horace Walpole came as soon as we got into ye Drawing Room. I spent an agreeable Afternoon in hearing ye sensible conversation of Mr H. Walpole & Miss H. More. . . ."

Clarissa Trant was a very different person from Mary Hamilton, and, though Clarissa's memories begin

ten years before Mary's death, the age to which Mary belonged had already vanished. Clarissa awoke amid the drums and trappings which finally destroyed the eighteenth century. She lived a remarkable life and was, I think, a remarkable character. Her father, Sir Nicholas Trant, was a distinguished soldier who raised and commanded Portuguese levies in the Peninsular War. Clarissa was born at Lisbon in 1800, and, as her diary shows, until her marriage in 1831, she was perpetually wandering over Europe with her father. You get a most vivid picture of history in the making and of the eighteenth century in dissolution through the early parts of her diary. For instance, she and her father were in Marseilles on their way back to England when Napoleon landed from Elba, and nothing could be better than her record of the immense journey which they had to make through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium in order to get home. She met nearly all the distinguished persons of her time, and she was a shrewd and intelligent observer. One gets in her pages a curious sense of modernity beginning, of stress and turmoil which had broken in upon "ye sensible conversation of Mr H. Walpole and Miss H. More" (though Miss H. More herself appears again on June 8th, 1829, a very old lady, "her mind much impaired," dressed in "a company dress, of antique fashion, quiet and grave, but of rich substantial silk," and talking "of her intimacy with Edmund Burke and Dr Johnson," and relating "anecdotes about Horace Walpole"). This sense of turmoil belonged to Clarissa's age, though it must be admitted that it was due in part to the extraordinary inability of Sir Nicholas and his daughter ever to remain for more than a week in the same place. "Voilà que c'est ma vie—" writes poor Clarissa on March 1st, 1824 (she writes her diary as often as not in French), "voilà que c'est ma vie—toujours des adieux."

I have left myself too little space for Tom Moore and Alexander Herzen. Mr. Priestley has made an admirable selection from Moore's diary. It is a charming book, partly because Moore himself was such an exceptionally sensitive and charming character, and partly because he gives us an admirable picture of the great world and most of its distinguished inhabitants between 1820 and 1840. The only thing that can be said against Moore's diary is that it is a little too self-conscious, he keeps one eye too fixedly upon posterity. Moore was an indefatigable collector of good stories, anecdotes, and the table talk of great men or of men whom his world considered great, and he sometimes forgets that the best pudding is not necessarily that which contains the greatest number of plums.

If anyone follows my advice and reads these three books in their chronological order, I hope he will not fail to add a fourth and end with Herzen. After Mary Hamilton, Clarissa Trant, and Tommy Moore, to read Herzen is rather like receiving a violent blow on the head waking one from sentimental dreams to reality. In the first place, Herzen comes out of Russia where they never really knew an eighteenth century at all. In the second place he is a modern man. This fourth volume of his memoirs is as good as, or better than, the previous volumes about which I wrote last year. It contains an extraordinary account of his wife's infatuation for the poet Herwegh. Herzen's behaviour in this domestic crisis, and even more his account of it, are admirable. But it would have been unintelligible to Mary Hamilton, Clarissa Trant, or Tom Moore.

LEONARD WOOLF.



## REVIEWS

## WORDS AND IDIOMS

**Words and Idioms.** By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH.  
(Constable, 7s. 6d.)

WORDS are not counters, they are living things. They travel, migrate, change, have adventures; they marry and beget progeny. They belong to many groups, have social levels, record history and the fashions of men. To study them is to live with companions of infinite charm, who instruct as well as delight. Take Mr. Pearsall Smith's first chapter, "English Sea Terms." The words we use, steal, invent, force upon other nations, record the sea dominions of the world and the fluctuations of sea power as well as the habits of sailors in thought and act. His second chapter, "English Words Abroad," shows what our neighbours have thought of us, what our characteristics seem to them now, what have been our contributions to civilization—chiefly, alas! pudding, political thought, and trade, knickerbockers, the practical things of life. We have given the world spleen, eccentricity, snobbism, cant, and jockeys, but our sole contribution to art has been the clown. It is a little humiliating. Speech may have been given to us to disguise our thoughts, but the cloak is lamentably thin. Yet the remarkable adventures of Four Romantic Words may console us. From English terms of abuse they became sticks to beat dogs with, then banners, international battle-grounds, missiles of fiery glory, and their history is not yet done. By themselves they are a record of the æsthetic controversies of Europe for the last two hundred years.

These first three chapters may be but "Diversions of Purley" to the general, though a source of delight to those of a wider temper of mind, to anybody who has ever dipped into Johnson's Dictionary, nibbled at the N. E. D., or sought consolation in Roget's Thesaurus; but to anybody who is not an illiterate deaf-mute the chapters on Common Speech and English Idiom must be treasure. Think of the usual history of ordinary words! They are born of the soil or of the shore, of the common associations of men and women in field and kitchen, at hunting and at cradling, nurtured by the angers, joys, and desires of mankind. Many wander in from the country, and, deserting their smocks, parade Piccadilly in spats, and loll at their ease on the sofas of Kensington. Then, for no apparent reason, perhaps merely age, they retire to the libraries and journals; they are written, but rarely spoken (do we ever *say* *tryst*, *lea*, *fain*, *fell* [adj.], *foe*, *slay*? or, more doubtfully, *blithe*, *chide*?). Soon they drift a little further from common life, and have their dwelling only with the poets, until at last they are confined in glossaries, like "to ear" for to till, "breeze" for horse-fly. But not altogether, for the uneducated still have them, and the sly undergraduate may see them peeping shyly from behind the cottage door, or come upon them unaware in the hedgerow. And all the time others are coming in, like "ironclad" from the sea, "bedrock" from the mine, born of new discoveries or callings. Again, other words, highly born, grow scandalous, and, if not relegated to the gutter, become like dubious acquaintances we greet in the street, or even at the club, but shun when ladies are present; the adjective "bloody" is a case in point: while the noun "pluck" is a butcher-boy who has somehow gained admittance to refined circles that would blush to know his brother "guts."

"English Idiom" is a still more fascinating chapter; it becomes a kind of game. Do you really know the meanings of the idioms you use daily, even if you know where they come from? (Note correct use of preposition at end, the phrasal verb—such are the satisfactions one can draw—cf. French *puiser*, one can go "on and on.") Can you add anything to Mr. Pearsall Smith's lists? Rarely, I think. But here is the shocking thought: you may enrich the language with a tragedy, stud it with immortal quotations, but unless you are very great indeed, or the Bible, you cannot add an idiom. Here Shakespeare and the peasant join hands, and you are clean out of it. Here is another consideration: we may be as good as gold, rich as lords, breed like rabbits, and be as thick as thieves, but the parson will not help us a jot. The burnt child, the blind bat, the lame cat, and even the monkey-puzzle have enlivened our tongue,

but not the priest. Perhaps the "pale young curate" still has a chance.

It will be strange if every writer who cares for his medium does not feel a sting of conscience in reading this fascinating, varied book. We can pick holes here and there, jot down a few queries in the margin to bolster up our pride; that is not the point. What do we do to prevent our language from becoming abstract and colourless? History shows that even Swifts, Johnsons, and Landors cannot keep out what they would, but can we lend a hand to let good things in? It is very difficult: slang, from which correct idiom grows, is apt to be so local. Men back from Palestine and the Great War would remark that "So-and-So had not been slick enough in handing on the baby, and so had got the bowler hat," and were thought to be suffering from shell-shock. All they meant, and anyone in the E.E.F. would have understood them, was that "So-and-So had not been acute enough in devolving upon others responsibility for mistakes, and so had been dismissed from his high command into civil life." But lately a friend of mine told me he had heard a countryman say "he had no belly-room for that." Belly-room! That idiom I intend to make as current as his cousin of the elbow.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

## PRIMITIVE RELIGION

**Primitive Religion.** By ROBERT H. LOWIE. (Routledge, 15s.)

IN these days thought concerning the origin of the different aspects of civilization is in a state of flux, and some time must elapse before common agreement can be reached. One cause of this uncertainty is the lack of any precise formulation of the problems to be solved. Most students are at cross-purposes with one another, and are simply hitting the air when they imagine that they are refuting arguments of which they do not approve. Nevertheless, slowly but surely we are approaching the day when it will be possible to present to the student some agreed general principles regarding topics such as those treated of in this book.

Dr. Lowie has adopted a novel plan. He begins with a brief account of the religious systems of the Crow Indians; then he moves to West Africa and treats of the Ekoi; next he describes the Bakaua of New Guinea; and he ends up with the Polynesians. Then he turns to the theoretical aspect of the subject, and discusses the topics of Animism, Magic, and Collectivism, meaning by this last term the theories of Durkheim and the French school of L'Année Sociologique. The third part of the book is discursive, and includes chapters on Historical Schemes, Psychology, Women and Religion, Individual Variability, Religion, and Art and Association.

The book is not a reasoned account of primitive religion, but consists rather of a series of essays, loosely bound together, that deal with many topics. The chief interest of these varied discourses is that they reveal the condition of flux in which the mind of Dr. Lowie is at present, and as indicating the road along which he may be expected to travel in the near future. For evidently Dr. Lowie has his eye on many recent developments, and is in process of making up his mind as to their significance. He reacts strongly against the views of Durkheim (Chapter 7), and uses language of perhaps unnecessary violence towards that scholar. He discusses the hypothesis of "animism" of Tylor, and tends to amalgamate it with the "High God" theory of Lang (Chapter 5). He is well aware of the relationship between "history" and "psychology," for he stresses "the indispensability of a historical point of departure for psychological understanding" (page 204). Moreover, he condemns the "Just-So" type of speculation which is the bane of anthropology at present, when he says that "the best prophylactic against baseless speculation that man must believe this or do that is the actual knowledge that throughout a definite part of the world he believes or does nothing of the kind" (page 161).

It is in connection with the problem of diffusion that Dr. Lowie's frame of mind is most interesting, and developments may be expected in that direction. For instance, he characterizes as "superb" Professor Kroeber's citation of *hepatoscopy* in Babylonia and in Borneo as an illustration

of diffusion. But he goes much further than that. He speaks of the "earth-diver" form of story. "Mythological parallels between Asia and America have been repeatedly pointed out by Bogoras, Jochelson, Boas, and others, and have been generally accepted as proof of historical contact. Here it is merely necessary to mention the remarkable recurrence among the Chukchi, Yukaghir, Mongolic, Turkic, and Finnic tribes of the widespread North American 'earth-diver' motive, viz., the diving into water for mud from which the earth is created" (page 180). I wonder what Dr. Lowie would say if he undertook a wide survey of the distribution of the story of the emergence of the earth from the bottom of the ocean. This would lead him across the Pacific into India, and finally to Egypt (see "Journal of Egyptian Archaeology," Vol. X., pp. 185-7). He would find that the similarity between the Egyptian and the American evidence has been noticed by Dr. H. R. Hall, who certainly is not afflicted with the "irrational pan-Egyptological bias that impels members of the school to trace practically all arts and beliefs to the banks of the Nile . . ." (page 114). So if Dr. Lowie once sets foot on the path of diffusion, where is he going ultimately to arrive? I think that he runs the risk of finding himself in unexpected company, and that the "irrational" school will gain another convert, who has been led by the logic of facts to change his views.

W. J. PERRY.

#### THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

**Prejudice and Promise in Fifteenth-Century England.** The Ford Lectures 1923-4. By C. L. KINGSFORD. (Clarendon Press. 15s.)

THE fifteenth century has for long been the Cinderella of the centuries, waiting in vain for some historian to fit the glass slipper of interpretation upon her foot, and proclaim her a fair lady beneath her drab and kitchen garb. For, as far as English history is concerned, it is impossible to deny the drabness of the age. The one really first-rate piece of literature which it can show, Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," is the swan-song of a chivalry which died in the century before; and in spite of Henry V., it hardly seems to belong to its own period. Our knowledge of the private life of the period is mostly derived from the letters of a rather unpleasant Norfolk family, our knowledge of its politics from the sordid struggles of the Wars of the Roses and the lack of governance of the Lancastrian age. The development of English industry and trade, and the rise of the middle classes, which might convert it into an epic, if only a fustian epic, has yet to be written. We think of it as a sort of marking time between the age of Chaucer and the age of Shakespeare, the old chivalry of the Black Prince and the new chivalry of Sir Philip Sidney. Everyone from Shakespeare to Stubbs has given it a bad name, and it has been left hanging, without so much as a post-mortem, for generations.

But there are already symptoms of a change. The books of Wylie and Miss Scofield were among them, and they are above all manifest in the patient investigations of Mr. Kingsford among the great mass of documents, often unpublished and still more often unstudied, which has come down to us from this despised epoch. Now, in the Ford Lectures for 1923, Mr. Kingsford sets forth a thesis about the century which is indubitably true, and proceeds to illustrate it with a group of those scholarly and well-documented studies which we have come to expect from his pen. "I had always before me," he says in his preface, "two main ideas: the one, that the truth about fifteenth-century England had been distorted through the prejudice of chroniclers and Tudor historians; the other, that the truth could only be discovered by the study from different sources of the fifteenth century as the seed-time of the future." In an introductory lecture on fifteenth-century history in Shakespeare's plays, Mr. Kingsford deals with the prejudice generally, and in a concluding lecture on the policy and fall of Suffolk, he takes a conspicuous instance of the prejudice and rehabilitates a much-maligned statesman. His other four lectures, in his own words, "serve jointly to illustrate the promise of the age as shown in the intellectual ferment, social growth, the spirit of adventure and commercial enterprise." They deal

respectively with English letters and the intellectual ferment, social life and the Wars of the Roses, West Country piracy ("the school of English seamen"), and London in the fifteenth century. They are very largely based upon unprinted sources, and Mr. Kingsford makes particularly good use of one class of documents in the Public Record Office, the "Early Chancery Proceedings," which most students who have worked on this period know to be an almost inexhaustible mine of good things, but which has nevertheless been somewhat neglected by social and economic historians, with the exception of Miss Abram and Mr. Salzman.

These detailed studies afford ample justification for Mr. Kingsford's assertion of the importance of the fifteenth century as the seed-time of the future. The intellectual harvest of the Elizabethan age was sown then. It is true that it can show no great individual achievement, save that of Malory, to set beside the achievement of Shakespeare. But to what did Shakespeare owe his achievement? Not merely to his own immortal genius, but to the *rapport* which existed in his day between lips that spoke and ears that heard. The great dramatist can arise only in an age when the ears of the groundlings can be tickled by all his subtleties, his plays upon words, his bawdy jokes, his cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces of eloquence, because there is between them a language familiarly known of all. What the sixteenth century had shaken off may be estimated by a glance at any fourteenth-century collection of wills, written in a mingled jargon of Latin, French, and English suggestive of nothing so much as of Mr. Pepys recording a peccadillo. The sixteenth century had a mother tongue, familiar to the men of the day as the blood in their veins, and that familiarity, the one essential basis of the drama, was in the main the work of the fifteenth century. Mr. Kingsford shows how during those hundred years English came slowly and surely to be the common medium of written, as it already was of spoken, intercourse, and the pages which he devotes to some of the private letters of the time are among the most interesting in his book, for the art of English letter-writing was born in the fifteenth century. Even the narrower revival of learning was foreshadowed in the marked and steady advance of education throughout the period; Eton was only one out of many schools which were then founded, and there is ample reason for believing that most men and women, above the rank of labourers, could read and write.

Again, the harvest of maritime adventure, which is commonly connected with Elizabeth's sea-dogs, also had its seed-time in the fifteenth century. A great deal of the patriotism of the later age (as of our own day, for that matter) was sublimated piracy; and in the fifteenth century the sea-dogs may be studied when the sublimation was incomplete. Mr. Kingsford has a fascinating chapter on the Cornish and Devon pirates, ranging from Harry Hay, of Poole, a pirate-patriot who alternately kept the seas for the King and plundered French and Spanish traders, to mere freebooters like John Mixtow, of Fowey, and William Kyd, of Exmouth. The Hawleys, of Dartmouth, were among the most prosperous merchants of the day, but they thought nothing of adding to their gains by excursions into piracy, while as for the Cornish squires and gentlemen, Tregarthens, Treffrys, Pennarths, Trenwiths, Trevellyans, Bodulgates, Penpons, and the rest, they by turns practised piracy on their own account and sat solemnly on commissions to investigate the piracy of others, with the greatest *sang froid*. Of course, it was an intolerable nuisance to the mass of regular traders, and was one of the reasons why the Lancastrian cause foundered in the West Country; but for all that, Drake, sailing out of Plymouth Hoe to singe the King of Spain's beard, was the lineal descendant of Harry Hay, sailing out of Poole Harbour to sack Gijon in Asturias and carry off the crucifix from the calvary on Cape Finisterre. Nor were all merchants pirates; and perhaps the most solidly constructive pages in Mr. Kingsford's book are those in which he illustrates the growing prosperity of the mercantile and industrial middle class, which was to reach its culmination in the new economic world of the sixteenth century.

Progress is not necessarily spectacular, and there is no breach of continuity in history. There is only the appearance of such a breach when historians, seduced by the picturesque (a lady of ample charms and easy virtue), turn aside from a century whose face is homely and whose



## 4 Important New Books

**X MY WANDERINGS IN THE BALKANS**

by DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

(Illus. 21s. net)

"A book of exceptional interest . . . he does justice to the Balkans and a service to his fellow countrymen."—*Morning Post*.

**THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU**

by LEWIS MELVILLE

(Published Yesterday)

(Illus. 18s. net)

The author of these wittily written letters, which date from 1689-1762, has been justly called "the most remarkable woman of the eighteenth century."

**WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA**

(3rd ed.)

by LOWELL THOMAS

(Illus. 21s. net)

"A book which everyone should read . . . one of the most remarkable stories of modern times . . . very interesting."—*Times*. "A most alluring volume."—*Morning Post*.

**WILLIAM AUGUSTUS DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR**

by HON. EVAN CHARTERIS, K.C.

(Illus. 21s. net)

"A fine piece of work."—*Times*. "A notable piece of biography."—*Daily Chronicle*. "Vivacity and skill . . . fascinating."—*S. Times*. "Brilliantly written."—*E. Standard*.

**Messrs. Hutchinson & Co's important new Novels (7/6 net)****UNDER THE ORANGE TREES**

K ATHLYN RHODES

Author of "Courage," "Wild Heart of Youth," etc.

"Miss Rhodes knows how to mix her ingredients. This time she gives us a romance of gambling at Monte Carlo. . . . There are tragic issues in this competently told narrative, and it ought to go well."—*The Daily Graphic*.

**LITTLE TIGER**

by ANTHONY HOPE

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," etc.

Against the vivacious and ultra-modern background of London life, the gay, yet half tragic figure of the stranger from overseas stands out in vivid relief, and her story is written with all the charm and brilliance associated with this author.

**THE GULF INVISIBLE**

by PATRY WILLIAMS

The French and the English views on the status of married women are widely different in all respects, and this fine story contrasts the outlook of the two nations on the marriage of a young English girl to a Frenchman.

**THE SEVEN SLEEPERS**

by FRANCIS BEEDING ("Asrak")

"If you want a real thrill—a series of thrills following breathlessly one upon another—read 'The Seven Sleepers.' . . . exciting."—*Daily Sketch*.

**FATHER ABRAHAM**

by IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "A Man for the Ages," etc. An unusual and interesting picture of a house divided against itself.

**SHAKEN DOWN**

by ALICE MACGOWAN and PERRY NEWBERRY

Authors of "The Mystery Woman," etc. Romance, danger, excitement and breathless adventures all play a part in this fine story.

**BONDS OF EGYPT**

by PATRICK RUSHDEN

"A fascinating story of the East . . . many exciting adventures and counter-plots . . . decidedly happy."—*Dundee Courier*.

**THE WORLD WE LIVE IN**

by ALGERNON CECIL

"One of the most poignant comments on modern social and moral conditions we have read for a long while."—*The Evening News*.

**FIND THE CLOCK**

by H. S. KEELER

Author of "The Voice of the Seven Sparrows," "Good . . . ingenious . . . very piquant descriptions."—*Referee*. "An engrossing detective story."—*Aberdeen Press*.

**SHADE OF THE MOON**

by MAXWELL CARNSON

"From first to last there is not a dull page in this remarkably good yarn . . . which is told with a skill and verve that rivals the 'best sellers' in modern fiction . . . Mr. Maxwell Carnson is to be heartily congratulated . . . he knows how to tell a good story."—*Methodist Recorder*.

**DIMITY HALL**

by MARGARET BAILLIE- SAUNDERS

"This refreshing novel . . . an absorbing story . . . Mrs. Baillie-Saunders has the power of bringing out all the many beauties of the countryside."—*Daily Graphic*.

**MAJOR DANE'S GARDEN**

by M. F. PERHAM (2nd ed.)

"A novel which is both an education and a delight to read . . . grips from the first chapter to the last."—*Daily Mail*.

**THE STORY OF OSCAR**

by JOHN AYSCOUGH

Author of "Brogmersfield," etc. Written when the author was a young man, this story will prove of particular interest to his many readers.—(*Ready Friday*.)

**HER STORY AND HIS**

by HER AND HIM

"Wonderful . . . the story is written from the woman's viewpoint and the man's, always a difficult thing to do."—*Aberdeen Press*.

**IN FEAR OF A WOMAN**

by WINIFRED GRAHAM

"A story of love, jealousy, human passion and failings, with humour interwoven in the thrills."—*Graphic*.

**MORAN OF SADDLE BUTTE**

by LYNN GUNNISON

A fine, stirring tale of a notorious two-gun-shooting cowboy's adventures which will enthral the reader to the end.

**THE GATES OF THE STRONG**

by NEWMAN HARDING

A finely written story of a young man who is forced by circumstances to abandon his ambitions of becoming a great writer. After an unhappy marriage he gains success as a novelist, but happiness still eludes him, now that he has none with whom to share his triumph.

**KING'S YELLOW**

by LEWIS COX

A Canadian millionaire, whose attitude to woman is that of the cave man, marries an English girl and, after much suffering and misunderstanding on both sides, he eventually learns a much-needed lesson and finds true happiness at last.

London: HUTCHINSON &amp; Co., Paternoster Row

garments do not glitter with tinsel, made as they are of English cloth. The real significance of the fifteenth century is only just beginning to emerge, and by this and his other books Mr. Kingsford has done more than any other historian to lift it from the disrepute into which it has fallen.

EILEEN POWER.

#### SAINT BERNARD

Shaw. By J. S. COLLIS. (Cape. 5s.)

Table Talk of G. B. S. By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. (Chapman & Hall. 5s.)

MR. SHAW has himself recently complained that he is beginning to be treated with the deference accorded to an archbishop, and many of his admirers are fearing that the time may soon come when, being generally accepted as a "classic," he will be consigned to neglect. If he has hitherto been given inadequate praise, he is now receiving too much; for nothing, protests Mr. Collis, who writes about Mr. Shaw from the standpoint of a fellow Irishman, is more dangerous than appreciation divorced from understanding. And, according to his latest biographer, G. B. S. is as much misunderstood as ever. It is commonly supposed, says Mr. Collis, that it is Mr. Shaw who has "mellowed," whereas it is really we who have changed. Mr. Shaw himself is still untamed; "his beard was once red-hot with anger: it is now white-hot with rage." If, out of respect for his years and the growing benignity of his countenance, we allow ourselves to canonize him, we shall kill Shaw as an influence, as his own Saint Joan was killed. "The following pages," Mr. Collis declares in an early chapter of his agreeable and high-spirited book, "are just one more attempt before it is too late to try and get the public to understand no less than to read him. I, too, will often praise and blame as I deal with him now as an artist, now as a tub-thumper, now as a Tory, now as a mystic, but I warn the reader that however much I may praise him at intervals in this book which insists on being written, the fact remains that in the future praise without understanding is a deadly substitute for a little understanding without praise."

Mr. Collis admits that he has "no special theory to offer about Shaw," and his interpretation, if it would have bewildered and scandalized an earlier generation, will on the whole be accepted without serious dispute by the intelligent student of to-day. Mr. Collis's main line of argument is that Mr. Shaw has usually been praised for the wrong things:—

It is time to look at his Wit in the proper perspective. It is time to recognize that it is ridiculously overrated, and that though it has done great service in its time it is really a part of him to endure rather than to admire. A proud gaiety conquering an otherwise too painful page is one thing: an uncontrollable little devil is quite another—a little devil that has again and again tarnished his art, concealed his poetry, mocked his influence, drowned his message, and will with absolute certainty pursue his memory beyond the grave."

The essential Shaw is "the ascetic mystic who walks with God"; and, were it not marred by an extravagant sentence in which Mr. Shaw is compared in one particular with Jesus Christ, to the advantage of the former, there would be no finer passage in Mr. Collis's book than that in which he contrasts Mr. Shaw's serenity, founded upon an impregnable rock of definite religious faith, with the torment of doubt and questioning suffered by more popularly esteemed "spiritual teachers," like Ruskin and Carlyle. When Mr. Collis asserts that, next to his religion, Mr. Shaw's strongest points are his "poetry and characterization," he is on more debatable ground. But he goes far towards establishing his claims, and his careful examination of the Shawian technique is an original, lucid, and constructive piece of criticism.

"The Table Talk of G. B. S." originally appeared serially in the "Fortnightly Review," and quotations from it have been so numerous that in book form it loses something of its novelty. The title of "Table Talk" is hardly justified, for these dialogues "on things in general" are, after all, only glorified journalistic "interviews"—more than commonly intimate, but inevitably too self-conscious to have the spontaneity and charm of real conversation. That they are interesting goes without saying, and they derive an added value from the fact that Dr. Henderson seems to have

learnt the knack of bridling his friend's wit and of inducing him to speak his mind on public affairs rather more straightforwardly than usual. But the book does little towards revealing Mr. Shaw's inner, elusive personality, which remains impenetrable as ever.

#### MUSIC AND CRITICISM

A Musical Critic's Holiday. By ERNEST NEWMAN. (Cassell. 12s. 6d.)

THE chief business of the musical critic is to write about music. But this he is rarely allowed to do for any length of time without breaking off to write about musical criticism. There is quite a fair demand for his wares, but his customers, having consumed them, declare that his trade is immoral. The fervour and unanimity with which this belief is held are such as sooner or later to make the critic doubt the value of all criticism, and, if he remembers the suggestibility of the human mind, the independence and honesty of his own judgment. Is it possible for a critic to give a judgment of new works by contemporary composers that has any chance of being confirmed by the ultimate court of appeal—posterity? Most critics to-day, with a modest shrug of the shoulders, say that they do not know; their impression is —; and in the light of the howlers committed by past generations of critics when pronouncing on new music, they will make no extravagant claims for their own infallibility. Mr. Ernest Newman, however, is not so easily deterred; the danger of rejecting a composer whom time will show to be an alpha plus man is overrated, he thinks, and criticism is not a matter of subjective impressions.

Mr. Newman's "holiday" was a retreat into a high mountain, where he wrestled in a well-stored library with the problem, "Is Criticism Possible?" He decided that it is, and in this book he makes out his case. The main argument is that every generation recognizes its own big men, and that as a matter of actual history no great composer has ever written music so far in advance of the comprehension of his own day that his greatness has been obscured. What, then, is the truth about the awful warnings, or, as Mr. Calvocoressi prefers to call them, "reminders" from the past—the absence of melody which every generation laments in its "new" music, the abuse poured upon Beethoven and Wagner which has recoiled on the heads of the critics who used it, and the technical sins laid to the charge of all innovators by the more conservative professors of the art? Mr. Newman examines in detail the cases of Wagner, Mozart, Monteverdi, Wolf, and Bach, pioneers, all of them, who have been misunderstood in their own day and acclaimed by posterity. He finds that the first three were the most popular composers of their day, and that for the delay in the general recognition of the other two there were special reasons. He cannot, of course, deny that much din and dirt whirled round the person of Wagner, but he proves that the "sentimental biographers" are only showing one side of the picture, and that the myth of the misunderstood composer has neither historical nor poetic truth.

From an examination of the criticism of Lobe, who was writing in Leipzig in 1852, Mr. Newman draws a further negative deduction: that the chief danger of contemporary criticism is not that it will fail to recognize the first-class men, but that it will put into the first grade many who properly belong to the second, third, or fourth rank—men like Gade, the Danish composer. And it is over the importance of second-rate men that some will part company with Mr. Newman. Dr. Dyson, who in "The New Music" deals fairly with innovations, shows that progress in music only comes when the new methods are fertilized by tradition; Mr. Newman agrees, and goes on further to assert that the pioneer work is only done by second-rate men. First-rate men have no time for experimenting; they have to deliver their message. The actual music of the innovators (e.g., Monteverdi) has little æsthetic, though a great deal of historical, interest. Mr. Newman, having repudiated the "adventures of the soul among masterpieces" view of criticism, inconsistently leans to the conclusion that the critic—who, alas! for himself and most of his brother



## METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS

### A CHOICE OF SONGS

A New Collection of Poems by RUDYARD KIPLING

2s. net  
This little book contains 30 poems selected by Mr. Kipling, and in addition an entirely new poem as an Introduction.

### THE HEART OF LONDON

By H. V. MORTON. 3s. 6d. net  
A delightful volume. It is a book you will buy twice, once for yourself and once for a friend overseas.

### THE NEW BALTIC STATES AND THEIR FUTURE

By OWEN RUTTER. F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I. Illustrated. 15s. net  
An account of the little known countries of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia.

### UNDER THE ITALIAN ALPS

By ELLINOR L. BROADBENT. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net  
This book deals with a country rich in historical, artistic and literary associations.

### EXTREME ORIENTAL MIXTURE

By GILBERT COLLINS, author of "Far Eastern Jaunts." Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net  
A book about China and the Chinese, written with humour and understanding.

### NAPLES THROUGH THE CENTURIES

By L. COLLISON MORLEY. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net  
"The book . . . has all the excitements of a novel."—*Sunday Times*.

### MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH

By ROBERT BLATCHFORD. 3s. 6d. net  
A temperate answer to the usual arguments against spiritualism.

### A HISTORY OF ENGLAND

By HILAIRE BELLOC. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. now ready. With 9 Maps. 15s. net.  
"Written with astonishing freshness and vigour."—*Glasgow Herald*.

### Novels to ask for from your Library:

#### MASTERFUL WILHELMINE

JULIUS STINDE, presented by E. V. LUCAS.

#### THE LAST OF THE BIFFINS

HARRY GRAHAM.

#### THE VIADUCT MURDER

FATHER RONALD KNOX.

#### JUST LIKE AUNT BERTHA

W. PETT RIDGE.

#### SECRET GOLD

Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

#### THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

#### THE PROFESSOR AMONG THE LADIES

ELMER DAVIS.

#### MR. FORTUNE'S TRIALS

H. C. BAILEY.

#### FULFILMENT

ELIZABETH N. HEPBURN

#### BY ORDER OF THE FIVE

HERBERT ADAMS.

#### THE GALLEON'S GOLD

ROBERT W. SNEDDON.

#### THE OLD FLAME

A. P. HERBERT.

#### TARZAN AND THE ANTMEN

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

#### THE DOUBLE CROSS

A. E. THOMAS.

#### THE SEARCH RELENTLESS

CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER.

#### THE THIRD WARNING

AUGUSTUS MUIR.

METHUEN & CO., Ltd., 36, Essex St., London, W.C.2.

## GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD.

"A Work of Genius."—*Morning Post*.

### The Tale of Genji

By LADY MURASAKI. Translated by ARTHUR WALEY. 10s. 6d.

"A new planet. . . Will probably prove one of the twelve great novels of the world."—*Nation*.

### A Grammar of Politics

By HAROLD J. LASKI. JUST OUT 18s.

Mr. Laski deals with the political system as it manifests itself not only in legislation and administration, but also in the courts and economic enterprise. The volume therefore appeals not only to the student of political science, but to the lawyer and the civil servant.

### Land Tenure and Unemployment

By FRANK GEARY, B.Sc., Barrister-at-Law.

10s. 6d.

"Liberal study circles will find this an ideal text-book."—*Daily News*.

### Essentials of Scientific Method

By A. WOLF, M.A., D.Litt., Author of "Exercises in Logic," etc. 5s. 6d.

This book is an up-to-date account of the aim and methods of science.

### Australian Totemism

A Psychological Study in Anthropology.

By Dr. GEZA ROHEIM.

With Maps and an Introduction by Dr. EDER. 35s.

"Dr. Roheim has marshalled his immense amount of data with immense pains, and even for the non-scholar there is much out-of-the-way information."—*Sunday Times*.

### Between the Old World and the New

By M. P. WILLCOCKS. 12s. 6d.

"A most stimulating book of literary criticism. To her reading of George Elliot Miss Willcocks brings a rare insight."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

### The Neuroses of the Nations

By C. E. PLAYNE.

16s.

"Deserves the attention of all sociologists. . . Miss Playne combines psychological insight with a sense of political and historical value."—*Birmingham Post*.

### The Political Career of Lord Byron

By D. N. RAYMOND.

JUST OUT 12s. 6d.

This book is a distinct contribution to Byronic literature and to the historical field.

### Years of Peace

Poems by GODFREY ELTON, Author of "School-boys and Exiles." Limited Edition, 3s. 6d. Numbered and signed copies, 6s.

"Mr. Elton has the gift of fine emotion and the power of crystallizing it."—*Morning Post*.

### Guitar and Concertina

By GUSTAV FRODING. Translated by C. D. LOCOCK. 5s.

Mr. Locock has followed closely the original metres of the verse and preserves its music."—*Birmingham Post*.

40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1

critics should not be confused with the journalist—must keep his critical soul fresh by consorting only with masterpieces, and, with a glance across the road at the second-rate, pass by on the other side. This is stern doctrine, and is enunciated with the polemical vigour which endears Mr. Newman to his readers. If he sometimes proves too much, a rebate is made on a later page. In any case, he establishes the right to have an artistic faith and to exercise an artistic judgment by his examination of past criticism as effectively as Dr. Dyson does by his examination of contemporary music.

#### MAYPOLES OR CHIMNEY-STACKS?

**Cupid and Commonsense.** A Play in Four Acts. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Chatto & Windus. 5s.)

**John Kemp's Wager.** By ROBERT GRAVES. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d.)

"CUPID AND COMMONSENSE" was produced as long ago as 1908, and is now printed for the first time. Although in some ways a competent piece of work, the reader cannot help a feeling of relief that it was written before the war. For it seems steeped, not in the gloom, but in the devastating drabness of the exhalations of Staffordshire chimney-pots. The hero is a prosperous, repellent manufacturer, and the heroine an uninteresting young woman who has not the courage of her cupidities when they conflict with commonsense; and, as inevitably they always do, she spends her life in an artificial world of contented insignificance and exasperating success. All those aspirations which seem most dangerous, most desirable, never lead her to overstep the bounds of prudence, and, after her marriage with the manufacturer, leave no trace in her memory beyond a sentimental regret for what would, after all, have been a great mistake. The potential mistake is a weak-minded young man, admittedly an ass, but with beautiful eyes. And, lest either the heroine or her audience should become too regretful about the possibilities of the past, the young man with the beautiful eyes is reintroduced at the end of the play as a fat and vulgar American. The heroine's sister has a little more vigour in her character. She is much the most attractive person in the piece, but disappoints us because she is never developed. Her father, too, a hard-headed merchant who drives his debtors to suicide, is at least positive in his objectionableness; but he is relegated to senile decay. It is a dreary group of characters—the more so, perhaps, because they are presented to us in the form of a play rather than in that of a novel. That is the obvious and most serious criticism we have to make of "Cupid and Commonsense." It is for the most part a character-study, which is the proper sphere of the novel, not of the drama. What is there in this story that is dramatic, what that gains by being presented to us as a spectacle? And as for the language the characters are made to talk, it is here that the Staffordshire smoke lies thickest: all traces of beauty have been obliterated beneath that murky pall.

Let us, therefore, remove the dust of the city from our feet, and seek the English countryside—unpolluted skies, simple folk, picturesque dialects, and, if we can find them, smocks, maypoles, and morris-dances. "John Kemp's Wager" is a rural romantic comedy, the main purpose of which is to provide a convenient dramatic setting for old country songs and the traditional English folk-dances. It serves this purpose very well. Various rustic characters pass across the stage, singing their songs and dancing their dances at every appropriate moment in the development of the plot. There is even a play within the play—a traditional mumming-show, with its St. George, its dragon, and its Turkish knight. Lover and lass are temporarily divided by the machinations of a villainous postman; but before long wickedness meets with punishment, and virtue with happiness ever after. Whether the revival, which this play is intended to promote, has many possibilities of artistic development, seems doubtful. We are quite prepared to believe that, as we are told in the preface, the villagers of Sunningwell enjoyed the recent revival of folk-dances in those parts, though we should be inclined to attribute the success of the experiment more to its novelty than to any feeling on the part of the villagers that they were thus recovering a lost birthright; but, in any case, do they not

continue to enjoy the cinema far more? The great charm of country dancing, as of all the characteristics of the life of peasants, is its spontaneity and freedom from self-consciousness, and that, unfortunately, is inevitably accompanied by the lack of any critical faculty. Consequently, delightful as they are in their unspoilt state, as soon as they become infected with modern ideas, the whole fabric of their culture crumbles to the ground.

#### LAND-TRAVEL AND SEA-FARING

**From Melbourne to Moscow.** By G. C. DIXON. (Bles. 16s.)  
**In Broken Water.** By K. ADLARD COLES. (Seeley & Service. 8s. 6d.)

MR. DIXON sought "Life, Colour, Adventure" on his voyage from Melbourne to Moscow; he wanted to sail the Eastern Seas in the wake of Drake and Tasman, though he dared not for the life of him say so. Mr. Coles's imagination was fired by reading "The Riddle of the Sands" and "The Falcon on the Baltic." "Places with queer names lent a sort of romantic attraction." Both are young writers. Books written in this spirit are evidence that the war has not quite flattened out romance. Curiosity is still alive, and the love of adventure.

It was in the changing and dynamic East that Mr. Dixon sought inspiration, not in "the unchanging East," about which too many books have been written. We are a little apprehensive when he falls to the illusion of "The Arabian Nights" in Java—always a danger signal in books of Eastern travel, and when he obtains a thrill from a glimpse of the pirate lairs in the Malacca Straits. But we are soon reassured. Mr. Dixon rides his hippogriff on the curb. The pirate islands lead on to a discussion of the Singapore base; the crimes of Martaban are forgotten in the contemplation of Peking as a potential storm-centre, or of Japan's designs on Australia, a menace which inspires him with no uneasiness. Mr. Dixon is a level-headed, unbiased observer of the Old World in the melting-pot; he is not rushed into unconsidered generalizations. He interviewed Sun Yat-sen in Canton, and Chang Tso-lin in Mukden, and has given us what appears to be a faithful portrait of both, neither cynical nor enthusiastic. Sun Yat-sen is described as "one of the great adventurers of the ages, a Borgia born late and born yellow." He discussed the issues which meant life or death to him with the air of a vicar at a garden party. But his days are over. Mr. Dixon is too wise to be led into prophecy. Events move altogether too rapidly in the Far East. When his book was in the press, six months after his journey, he had to record in the preface important changes. The death of Sun Yat-sen, the triumph of Chang Tso-lin in Manchuria, the Soviet's control of the Chinese railway, as well as new developments in Russia, relegate the phase of which he was an eyewitness to a back page of history. But this incalculable element does not detract from the cinematographic interest of the record.

It is significant that Mr. Dixon is an honest democrat, and that his main conclusions are drawn from Moscow, the Bolshevik's shop window. He went the round of the prisons and schools, conducted by the most enthusiastic professors of the experiment. One of them concluded complacently, "People talk about the dreadful conditions in our prisons. I could show you many letters in which prisoners tell us how sorry they would be to leave. Is that not proof of the excellence of our prisons?" Mr. Dixon suggested mildly that some people might regard it rather as a reflection on the conditions outside. We are not given the idealist's answer. Mr. Dixon, as a result of his investigations, is not convinced that the Soviet has contributed to the happiness of the many. Nor is he in the least happy about the future. It may be true that the prisoners, even the murderers, provided that they are not also political offenders, are allowed from seven days' to a month's holiday a year, but he cannot get over the impression of misery outside, "hurrying, preoccupied men and sad-faced women, never a chatting couple or a laughing face." Probably if he had visited Southern Russia his picture would not have been so gloomy.

Disturbed political conditions affected Mr. Coles's voyage in German waters. Revolution was expected at any moment; the militarists were out of hand. A party of them stole



## THE TIMES BOOK CLUB CIRCULATING LIBRARY

### DELIVERY BY MOTOR.

**B**OOKS from the Circulating Library are now delivered to subscribers by motor, in London twice daily, in the suburbs daily, and to more distant points twice a week.

The area covered by this delivery includes Watford, Barnet, Stanmore, Pinner, Harrow, Ealing, Twickenham, Hampton, Esher, Sutton, Croydon, Chislehurst, Sidcup, Eltham, Woolwich, Ilford, Woodford, Wood Green, Hadley Wood, Bushey, Elstree, Radlett, and Ruislip.

Every book you want to read can be obtained through the Circulating Library of The Times Book Club. And just when you want to read it. There is no waiting for a book that does not happen to be on the shelves when you ask for it. The unique feature of this Library is that, with the few special exceptions mentioned in the Prospectus, any book not on the Library shelves when you ask for it will be specially bought for you from the publishers.

Write for Rates and Conditions of Subscription to the Librarian,

**THE TIMES BOOK CLUB**  
42, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

## Broadway House List

**Donna Juana:** A Novel in Verse. By EILEEN HEWITT. 5/- net. "A remarkably witty novel, a fine achievement."—*Daily Graphic*. "A daring piece of work... leaves one curious to see what Miss Hewitt will do next."—*Evening Standard*. "Miss Hewitt will go far."—*Sunday Express*.

**The Cavalier Spirit,** and its influence on the Life and Work of Richard Lovelace, 1618-58. By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN, author of "La Belle Stuart" (12/6 net). With eight full-page plates. 7/6 net. Because he was both poet and soldier, Lovelace reveals in a very distinct manner the spirit which animated the Cavaliers in the Civil War. This is his first biography, and a selection of his best poems is printed.

**The Future.** By Professor A. M. LOW. With 8 full-page plates. 5/- net. An authoritative, yet non-technical, survey of the revolution which scientific development is surely and swiftly bringing to our civilization.

**The Re-Making of the Nations.** By J. H. NICHOLSON. 12/6 net. "A stimulating record of a wonderful experience. It is written modestly, but its author has well conveyed his impression of the bewildering variety of a world in transition."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW SERIES

Each, post 8vo, 2/6 net.

#### New Volumes:

**Proteus,** or the Future of Intelligence. By VERNON LEE.

**Paris,** or the Future of War. By Capt. B. H. LIDDELL HART.

**Thamyris,** or Is There a Future for Poetry? By R. C. TREVELYAN.

**What I Believe.** By BERTRAND RUSSELL, F.R.S.

**Quo Vadimus?** By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE.

**ROUTLEDGE :: KEGAN PAUL**  
Broadway House, Carter Lane, E.C.4.

## G. Bell & Sons

### CASTLEREAGH & CANNING

"The two together form probably the most valuable addition that has been made for some time to British historical literature."—*Birmingham Post*.

Just published.

#### THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CANNING

By HAROLD TEMPERLEY, Reader in Modern History, University of Cambridge. 660 pp. 8½ x 5½ 25s. net.

"We have for the first time a brilliant analysis, fully and admirably documented, of Canning's system of policy; and for the first time we are in a position to judge the statesman, as apart from the man, and to measure the debt which England owes to him."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"Mr. Temperley's book, founded on immense study and executed with masterly condensation, does equal credit to himself, his university, and his publishers; it is both accurate and interesting."—Dr. E. V. Arnold in the *Liverpool Post*.

#### THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CASTLEREAGH

By C. K. WEBSTER, Professor of International Politics, University of Wales. xiv. + 508 pp. 8½ x 5½ 25s. net.

"An absorbing book, an excellent study of the policy of a considerable statesman during a period which is unusually interesting to us at the moment."—*Nation*.

"The appearance of this book is an event... A rare chance of getting to know really well a man of true greatness and first rate importance with whom up till now it has only been possible to have, so to speak, a nodding acquaintance."—*New Statesman*.

G. BELL & SONS, LTD., PORTUGAL STREET, W.C. 2.

Works by

## Dr. MARIE STOPES

D.Sc., Ph.D.

### Married Love 6/- net.

The most important contribution to the sex problem which has ever been made accessible to the English public. Signed Limited Edition, with portrait. 21/- net. 16th Edition.

### Wise Parenthood 3/6 net.

A practical, safe and scientific treatise on Birth Control for married people. It has the approval of eminent doctors and scientists. 12th Edition.

### Radiant Motherhood 6/- net.

A book for parents. A valuable, simple and safe guide for married people. 3rd Edition.

Dr. Stopes's books have been translated into French, German, Swedish, Danish, Czech, Roumanian, Polish, Dutch, Hungarian and Spanish. They have been endorsed by eminent doctors and praised and recommended in every quarter of the Press.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

**G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, LTD.,**  
24 Bedford Street, W.C.2.

the "Annette," abandoned her on a sandbank off Nordeney, and in exchange for the booty they took off, left behind a German flag and a cargo of militarist propaganda. Mr. Coles's account of the recovery of the yacht is high comedy. The "Annette" had other hair-raising escapes; 1923 was a season of gales. More than once she came near her end in rough seas, and she was within inches of being run down by a cargo steamer. Her 2,000-mile cruise with inexperienced hands and no auxiliary motor was something of an exploit. Mr. Coles writes modestly, but to the small-yacht sailor the log of the "Annette" will offer a challenge, or perhaps a warning; in any case he will find it stimulating.

EDMUND CANDLER.

#### A MASTER OF WAR

**Robert E. Lee, the Soldier.** By Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE. Constable. 15s.)

MANY years ago the late Colonel G. F. R. Henderson drew the attention of the British Army and the British people to the American Civil War as the struggle most likely to throw light on their own military problems of the future. To-day Sir Frederick Maurice can write, "I believe that if the Allies in August, 1914, had applied Lee's tactical methods to the situation which then confronted them the course of the World War would have been changed," and again and again, in his masterly study of Lee's campaigns, he is able to draw instructive parallels between the strategical and administrative problems of 1861-65 and 1914-18.

That is the main justification of this professional study addressed to non-professional readers. The book, in Sir Frederick Maurice's own words, is not "a life of Lee" but "an appreciation of Lee's generalship." Sir Frederick Maurice is far too good a writer and too conscious of the importance of the human element, to leave on one side the singular charm and nobility of character of a great man as well as a great soldier; but it is with Lee's technical mastery of the art of war that he is primarily concerned.

In few great conflicts has individual genius counted for so much as in the War of the Secession. For three long years the immeasurable superiority of Lee and Jackson to their opponents neutralized the immense material superiority of the North; only with Grant's elevation to the supreme command was that superiority brought effectively to bear, and even then Lee's inexhaustible fertility in resource enabled him to prolong the struggle for another year. In sheer intellectual interest the story of his campaigns yields to nothing in military history.

For us, to-day, the practical interest of the struggle lies in two points. First, the problem, admirably solved at last by Lincoln and Grant, comprehended by Lee but never fully grasped by Jefferson Davis, of the co-ordination of political and military effort in a democracy. Secondly, the striking resemblance of the fighting round Richmond and Petersburg to the trench warfare in France and Flanders.

Sir Frederick Maurice is admirably qualified to elucidate for the general reader the lessons of Lee's campaigns. To great military knowledge he joins an unusually clear and sympathetic appreciation of the political factor in war, and a rare ability to present a lucid and animated outline of complex military operations. It is possible to disagree with some of his judgments. In his final summary he seems to lay too little emphasis on Lee's one great defect as a commander—that failure to impose his will on his subordinates which cost him at Gettysburg the best chance the Confederacy ever had of independence. Of the general merit of his work there can be no two opinions. It is an illuminating and most readable contribution to the study of war, and a fitting tribute to a man whom Lord Wolseley described as "one of the few men who ever seriously impressed and awed me with their natural and inherent greatness."

#### ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

"KELVIN THE MAN," by Agnes Gardner King (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) is an interesting biography by Lord Kelvin's niece. It is illustrated with some very good photographs. "Lafcadio Hearn's American Days," by E. L.

Tinker (Bodley Head, 18s.), gives a full and frank account of Hearn's life in New York and the West Indies.

"By Car to India," by Major Forbes-Leith (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), tells the story of an adventurous journey of some 8,500 miles in a Standard Wolseley car from Leeds to Quetta. "Some German Spas," by S. L. Bensusan (Noel Douglas, 8s. 6d.), is the record of a holiday spent at Bad Nauheim, Homburg, Baden-Baden, and other resorts.

"Speculations in Economics," by Ian Barry (Williams & Norgate, 7s. 6d.), discusses the existence of general economic laws and a method of discovering them. "Labour in Politics," by Keith Hutchinson (Labour Publishing Co., 3s.), compresses into small compass the political history of Labour since Chartism.

In "Childhood's Fears," by G. F. Morton (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.), the main thesis is that "the root trouble in childhood is in the inferiority-fear complex."

"Time, Taste, and Furniture," by John Gloag (Grant Richards, 12s. 6d.), deals with furnishing and furniture from the middle ages to the twentieth century. It is well illustrated with black and white drawings and photographs.

"The Hero," by Albert Beaumont (Routledge, 4s. 6d.), contains a theory or explanation of tragedy, and is based largely on a study of "Hamlet."

Among recent French books mention may be made of the following: "Les Fabliaux," by Joseph Bédier (Champion), a revised edition of a most learned work; "La Ville Anonyme," by André Bencler (Nouvelle Revue Française, 7fr. 50), a novel which presupposes European civilization overturned by a complete and universal revolution; "Le Gouvernement de M. Thiers," by Gabriel Hanotaux (Plon, 2 vols.), a new edition of a well-known book; "Etudes de l'Espagne," by A. Morel-Fato, Fourth Series (Champion, 20fr.).

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF

**With Brush and Pencil.** By P. G. JACOMB-HOOD, M.V.O. (Murray. 16s.)

Mr. Jacomb-Hood has always combined riding with painting and Royalty with Bohemian society. From this mixture he contrives to brew a very pleasant, straightforward book, which is carefully discreet and in every way simple-minded. "The life of an itinerant portrait-painter . . . takes one into strange and unexpected circles," he writes, and the call it makes upon calmness and tact, the power of making interesting conversation and at the same time composing a work of art, explain why it is that so few artists are portrait-painters, and so few portraits compliments paid for in cash. Mr. Jacomb-Hood has had his trials. Once, indeed, he had to leave a great lady's house carrying his canvas after a conversation which made him feel "like a footman giving notice." He carried his troubles to Sargent, who thought him in the wrong, and said he ought to have persisted to the end "as a matter of self-discipline and business." For the most part Mr. Jacomb-Hood followed the advice, and not only painted his portrait but kept his friends. For many years Tite Street has been his home and all the notables of Chelsea have been among his familiars. He knew Whistler, Furse, Brough, Sargent, Oscar Wilde. Of all painters, he admires Sargent most. "As a painter he is to me infallible. I regard him as a devout Catholic does the Pope," and, indeed, he shows us the respectable side of art, its admirations and successes, not its jealousies and strivings. Sometimes attached to the staff of Royalty, at others mistaken for an undertaker, he has travelled from one end of the scale to the other and enjoyed it all impartially.

\* \* \*

**Some Other Bees.** By HERBERT MACE. (Hutchinson. 4s. 6d.)

This is a very interesting and entertaining book. Mr. Mace, who is already a well-known writer on the hive bee, here goes afield and writes about other species of bees and also about butterflies. It is in no sense a comprehensive treatise, for Mr. Mace chooses here and there interesting topics and discourses on them, but he chooses well and writes with knowledge and enthusiasm. The chapters which deal with the migration and distribution of various species of butterflies are fascinating. Altogether the book can be recommended to all amateurs in entomology.



## P. S. KING & SON LTD.

### LABOUR AND HOUSING IN BOMBAY

By A. R. BURNETT-HURST, M.Sc. (Econ.). With an Introduction by SIR STANLEY REED, Kt., K.B.E., LL.D. Illustrated by 41 photographs of Indian work-people and dwellings. Map of Bombay Island. Demy 8vo. 164 pp. Cloth, 10s. 6d.

This study was undertaken at the request of the Ratan Tata Foundation of the University of London, and claims to be the first attempt to make a comprehensive survey of the life and labour of the industrial classes in an Indian city.

### THE EVOLUTION OF PROVINCIAL FINANCE IN BRITISH INDIA

Ready July 28th.

A Study in the Provincial Decentralization of Imperial Finance. By B. R. AMBEDKAR, D.Sc. (Econ.), sometime Professor of Political Economy at the Sydenham College of Commerce and Economics, Bombay. With a Foreword by EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN, Professor of Economics, Columbia University, New York. Demy 8vo. 280 pp. Cloth, 15s.

Extract from Foreword.—"The value of Mr. Ambedkar's contribution to the discussion lies in the objective recitation of the facts and the impartial analysis of the interesting development that has taken place in his native country. The lessons are applicable to other countries as well; nowhere, to my knowledge, has such a detailed study of the underlying principles been made."

### THE TRADE CYCLE

Ready July 17th.

An Account of the Causes Producing Rhythmical Changes in the Activity of Business. By F. LAVINGTON, M.A., Girdler's Lecturer in the University of Cambridge. Second Edition, revised and brought up to date.

Crown 8vo. 113 pp. Cloth, 4s. 6d. Scotsman.—"Well-reasoned and instructive throughout, it throws out some practical suggestions for checking reckless speculative expansion of business and over-optimistic stimulation in periods of boom."

Orchard House, 2 & 4 Great Smith Street, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

CONTENTS: JULY, 1925. 3s. 6d. net.

THE BUDGET INSURANCE SCHEME.

By Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, D.S.O., D.F.C., M.P. UNDER-CULTIVATION AND THE REMEDY.

By The Right Hon. NOEL BUXTON, M.P. THE GERMAN-POLISH FRONTIER.

By Professor HANS DELBRÜCK.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By The Right Hon. HILTON YOUNG, D.S.O., D.S.C., M.P. THE FRENCH AFRICAN EMPIRE.

By Professor CHARLES SAROLEA.

SOME INDIAN PROBLEMS. By W. A. J. ARCHBOLD.

THE "HYPHENATES" AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY.

By CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD.

THE MOSUL QUESTION. By F. W. CHARDIN.

FERDINAND LASSALLE: THE "TRAGIC COMEDIAN."

By A. W. G. RANDALL.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN. By S. K.-H.

OUR VANISHING VIKINGS. By A. G. COWIE.

SIGNPOSTS OF FICTION. By AUSTIN HARRISON.

WILLIAM TINDALE. By ATHERTON MERCER, Litt.D.

NATIONALISING THE LAKE DISTRICT. By W. T. PALMER.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT AND REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

2s. 6d. net

The

JULY No.

## HIBBERT JOURNAL

EDITOR: L. F. JACKS, M.A., LL.D., D.D.

CONTENTS:

"A CREED IN HARMONY WITH MODERN THOUGHT."

By the EDITOR.

THE NEWER TESTAMENT. By Professor W. B. SMITH.

THE GOSPEL-STORY AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF TO-DAY.

By C. J. CADOUX, M.A., D.D.

CONCERNING GOD: A LITERARY DIGEST.

By HORACE THOROGOOD.

THE STIGMATISATION OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

By Dr. WALTER SETON.

A MYSTIC IN THE FAMILY OF BENJAMIN JOWETT: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY RECORD.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

THE PROMISE OF THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

By F. S. MARVIN.

TOWARDS A PHILOSOPHY OF LABOUR.

By Professor J. W. SCOTT.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

By Professor J. PERCY BRUCE, M.A., D.Litt. (Lond.).

SCHWEITZER'S ETHIC. By W. MONTGOMERY, M.A., B.D.

SELF-INTEREST IN LAW. By CARLETON KEMP ALLEN.

THE SOPHIST IN MODERN EDUCATION.

By MARGARET E. J. TAYLOR.

ASTROLOGY IN THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

By J. E. CARPENTER, D.D., D.Litt.

SURVEY AND SIGNED REVIEWS.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, LTD., 14, HENRIETTA ST., W.C.2

## A Valet without wages

By payment of a small fixed sum you can have your clothes cared for and kept in perfect condition by methods immeasurably superior to any that could be employed by a personal valet. Our E Valet Service is both an economy and a luxury.

We shall be glad to send you detailed particulars of this service explaining its many advantages and showing how to save nearly 50% off our usual charges.

## Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office and Works:  
Hackney Wick, London, E.9.

Branches and Agents Everywhere.



E. Byrne Hackett, M.A., Managing Director of  
**THE BRICK ROW BOOK SHOP, INC.**  
of New York, New Haven, and Princeton, U.S.A.

Will purchase for cash, fine Libraries and single volumes of the Elizabethan period or of the XVIIIth Century, Association Books, Manuscripts, etc.

Mr. Hackett may be addressed and seen by appointment at Messrs. Walford Brothers, 6, New Oxford Street, from July 10th to August 10th

All Correspondence treated in confidence.



## THE PEASANT SHOP

41, DEVONSHIRE STREET, THEOBALDS ROAD, W.C.1  
(Close to Southampton Row).

Pottery, Smocks, Jerkins, Painted Wares, Rugs and Shoes, and Leather and Copper.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Tel.: MUSEUM 7602.

**Illustrations of English Synonyms.** By M. ALDERTON PINK.  
(Routledge. 3s. 6d.)

The method adopted in this book is to take a common word, give a number of synonyms, and then to illustrate their meaning and usage by sentences quoted from books or newspapers. Thus, if you look up "confirm," you find sentences illustrating the meaning and usage of this word, and also of "corroborate," "ratify," and "substantiate." The sentences have been skilfully chosen.

\* \* \*

**Chambers's Encyclopædia: Vols. V., VI. *Fréjus to Manche.***  
Edited by DAVID PATRICK and WILLIAM GEDDIE.  
(Chambers. 20s. each vol.)

The broadening of outlook in social and religious matters that has taken place since the previous edition of this well-known Encyclopædia is plainly shown in the present volumes. Housing and Town-planning is a new subject which has ten columns devoted to it by Sir W. Leslie Mackenzie; and another new subject is the League of Nations, Professor Gilbert Murray's description of its activities extending to twelve columns. A third new important activity, but of a different nature, is described by Professor F. Bacon in *Internal-Combustion Engines* (ten columns). Illustrations of the great advance in medical and scientific knowledge are provided in the articles on *Glands and Heart* (both by Dr. J. D. Comrie), *Gnat* (Sir Ronald Ross and Mr. H. F. Carter), and *Hygiene* (Sir W. L. Mackenzie). Professor J. A. Thomson writes on *Heredity, Hibernation, and Life*. The effects of criticism on theological ideas are apparent in the articles on *Genesis, Hell, Jesus Christ, and Job* (all by Professor H. T. Andrews). That the contributions have been well brought up to date throughout is evident from references to events of 1923 and 1924 under *Gaming, Germany, Japan, and Joan of Arc*, among others. Several additional maps are provided.

\* \* \*

**Webster's Royal Red Book, 1925.** (Webster. 7s. 6d.)

This is one of the oldest of annuals, the present volume being the 266th issue. It incorporated "Boyle's Court Guide and Fashionable Register." The *Street Guide*, though limited to "Nobility and Gentry," is handier than the now colossal *Post Office Directory*. It also contains a useful alphabetical list of "Nobility and Gentry."

## REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THERE are several interesting articles on foreign affairs. In the "Fortnightly Review" Sir Philip Dawson continues his examination of "Social and Industrial Conditions in Post-War Germany," Mr. Percy Martin writes on "Spain Under the Directory," and Mr. Robert Machray has an article on "The Border States" (Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Poland, and Roumania). In the "Contemporary Review," Professor Hans Delbrück, writing on the German-Polish frontier, offers some criticisms on Mr. Wilson Harris's article on the same subject in the June number of this magazine. "Perhaps I may be permitted at the outset to state," writes Professor Delbrück, "that it is a well-known fact in Germany as well as in Poland how, in the pre-war period, I constantly opposed in my magazine, 'Preussische Jahrbücher,' Prussia's Polish policy, which I stigmatized as wrong and inhuman. . . . Thus the Poles can hardly tax me with national prejudice when they find me now condemning their policy in the same way as, in the past, I used to condemn the policy adopted by Prussia." Professor Delbrück maintains that the terms of the armistice do not necessarily involve the granting to Poland of "territorial access" to the sea, "The words have been chosen in such a way that they may mean access through foreign (German) territory guaranteed by international law." Professor Delbrück concludes: "The Corridor is a monstrosity in itself. The only sensible idea would be to unite East and West Prussia. Then the uniform area ought to be allowed, in agreement with the principles of modern International Law, to decide by plebiscite whether it wishes to belong to Germany or Poland." In the same paper Professor Charles

Sarolea writes on "The French African Empire," Mr. Archbold contributes a paper on "Some Indian Problems," and Mr. Clarence Alvord has an article on "The 'Hyphenates' and American Foreign Policy."

Two articles: "Italy Under Mussolini," by Sir Philip Gibbs ("The World of To-day"), and "Mussolini the Man," by "Onlooker" in the "Empire Review," testify to the continued attraction of Mussolini for English tourists. These, however, are not accounts of the usual graciously accorded little interviews, but rather attempts to estimate what Mussolini has done for Italy. Sir Philip Gibbs finds more to criticize than to admire, but "Onlooker," whose article is largely biographical, has fallen under the sway of his hero. "The World of To-day" prints a second instalment of Walter Page's letters, written in May, June, and July of 1914. "Yet, in spite of our 'seasonable' gaiety, I do assure you (and it never leaves me) that there's a sadness in this old-world life that in certain moods weighs heavily on a man who has been bred to a hopeful outlook on the future, and on a sympathetic man whatever his outlook . . . 'tis true, the sunlight falls on our New World. Here we are very gay, but—in the shadow."

The "Contemporary Review" prints three articles on Home Affairs. Captain Wedgwood Benn discusses "The Budget Insurance Scheme," and concludes with these words: "In any case, the vital question is left open, whether the burden of old age, widowhood, and orphanhood is to be assumed in a large measure by the State (which, of course, will levy its contributions from the taxpayer according to their capacity to pay), or is, as Mr. Churchill has plainly stated (the Actuary dotting his i's and crossing his t's), to be shifted in the course of the next sixty years wholly on to the shoulders of the producers." Mr. Noel Buxton writes on "Under-Cultivation and the Remedy," and Mr. Hilton Young writes on the "Authority of the House of Commons." The "Fortnightly Review" has "The Government's Debut," by Dr. W. Permewan.

"The Polo and Hunting Journal" is a new venture which should be welcomed by all such friends of the horse as have not been seduced by the attraction of motor-cars or aeroplanes. In this, the first number, the articles on "Show-Jumping" by Captain de Fonblanque, R.A., and on "Coaching, Past and Present," by Major-General White, are especially absorbing. The Captain of the Jodhpur Polo Team, Captain Williams, contributes an excellent paper, which contains some rather surprising details, on the stable-management of the Jodhpur ponies. The magazine is well illustrated with good photographs. There is a seasonable article on the history of tennis by Sir A. H. Crossfield in the "Empire Review." "Ali Borali: an African Hunter," by Major Glossop, in the "Cornhill Magazine" is a story of lion-hunting in Somaliland, and "Shere Bahadur," by Mary Hallows, in the "Empire Review," a tale of the shooting of a tiger who had gained for himself a particularly bad reputation in the neighbourhood of Nepaul, and the catalogue of sport for the month is completed by "Chasing Antelope on the Great Mongolian Plateau," by Mr. W. D. Burden, in "Scribner's Magazine."

The July number of "The Calendar of Modern Letters" contains a story by Luigi Pirandello, translated by Ada Harrison; also, poems by Mr. Edmund Blunden, and by Mr. Benjamin Gilbert Brooks, the *Reminiscences of Madame Dostoevsky*, translated by S. S. Kotliansky, and a short story called "An Historical Bride," by Iris Barry. Dr. Vernon Lee criticizes "Martin Arrowsmith" under the title "Right Readers and Wrong Readers," and Mr. Edwin Muir deals with Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses."

In this month's "Adelphi" Mr. Middleton Murry wades in the deep waters of theology. Mr. G. H. Stevenson rewrites the love-story of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Mr. Ian Mars contributes a short story, "A Night on Picquet," which has a less idiosyncratic flavour, and is, in fact, more in the line of the red-blooded school than is usual with the "Adelphi" fiction.

"The Mask, an illustrated quarterly of the art of the theatre," is completely given up, this month, to the reproduction of an eighteenth-century Plan of Paris.

"The Slavonic Review" contains an article on "Tolstoy and Nietzsche" by Janko Lavrin, and one on Leonid Andreyev by Alexander Kaun, and there are translations of stories from the Lithuanian and the Russian.





"If the salt hath  
lost its savour"—  
it cannot have  
been —

**Cerebos**  
SALT

CS4



The Best Smoke  
of the Day.

SOME say that the first smoke  
of the day is the best one.  
Others maintain that the  
after-dinner pipe yields the most  
pleasure. Perhaps they are both  
right. After all what does it matter  
when you know that you are sure  
of a pleasing and satisfying smoke  
every time you fill your pipe  
with Player's Navy Mixture?

**PLAYER'S**  
**NAVY MIXTURE**

P.1055

Drink of the gods. Worthy of Hebe's presentation.

**SYMONS'**  
REAL  
DEVON **CYDER**



WITHIN a few miles of most desirable  
Paignton-by-the-Sea, are the Symons  
Apple Orchards from which thousands of tons  
of finest cyder-apples are gathered every season.

Quite near to the orchards  
are the Apple Mills owned and  
controlled by the Symons  
family for many years.  
Herein in the autumn are  
produced 15,000 gallons daily  
of the Delicious Sparkling  
Cyder that Devonshire knows  
so well how to produce; and  
subsequently it matures in  
immense vats, each of 30,000  
gallons capacity.

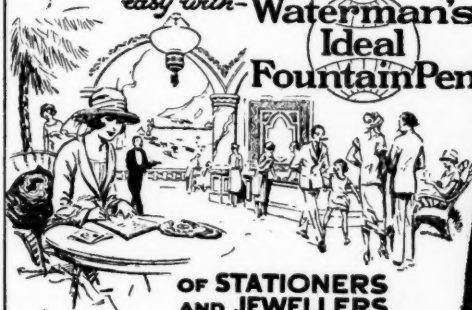
After full maturity, it is  
bottled and despatched to  
retailers in various parts of  
the world; and finally comes  
to be quaffed and praised by  
all good judges of enjoyable,  
healthful, and virtuous drinks.

**TASTE AND SEE.**—Send eighteenpence to cover cost of  
postage and packing of Three Sample Bottles of Cyder  
(assorted kinds) and One Bottle of Symons' fine Non-  
intoxicant "SYDRINA," sent free, direct from our Apple  
Mills in Drake's Romantic Devon. Address—

**JNO. SYMONS & CO., LTD., CYDERMILLS, TOTNES, DEVON.**

Highest Awards at International Exhibitions.

Write more letters—  
easy with—**Waterman's**  
**Ideal**  
**Fountain Pen**



**OF STATIONERS  
AND JEWELLERS.**

L.G. SLOAN LTD. The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 GPO. B. 414

**5/- DON'T LET THE LIFE-BOAT SINK 5/-**

For want of **YOUR** Help  
TO COMPLETE IT.

To maintain **THE WHOLE SERVICE**

We **NEED** this year

**1,000,000** contributions of **FIVE SHILLINGS.**

During the first six months we have received **279,537.**

**WE MUST** get **720,463** more.

Will you be "One in a Million" and  
send your **5/- TO-DAY?**

And remember the Lifeboats in your **WILL.**

**THERE IS NO SUBSIDY FROM THE STATE.**

**THE EARL OF HARROWBY,**

Honorary Treasurer.

**GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A.**

Secretary.

**LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 22, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.**

## FINANCIAL SECTION

### THE WEEK IN THE CITY

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT IN MARKETS—FRENCH INFLATION—OIL.

THE end of a half year, which on the whole has seen some good business in the Stock Exchange, brings with it fears of a rise in the Bank rate and of a reaction in the share markets. What force shall we give to these alarms? As regards the Bank rate, there is little comfort to be derived from a net influx of £1,994,000 gold which has been of a special order (excepting possibly the purchase this week of £595,000), and there is the prospect of the autumnal outflow of gold to meet the purchases of cereal crops. Two years ago this brought a rise—in July—in the Bank rate from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent., and last year there was an appreciable "tightening" in the money market. Whether the pressure on the dollar-sterling exchange this autumn will be strong enough to cause a rise in the Bank rate from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. depends a good deal upon the distribution of the world's harvests. We think that there is at any rate as good a chance of the Bank rate remaining stable as of its being raised, though market rates may rise by  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. As regards the Stock Exchange the return of cheerfulness this week to the gilt-edged market is perhaps only a passing reflection of monetary relaxation. The new Trade Facilities loan—Synthetic Ammonia and Nitrates—which was the first loan of this class to be issued at a price yielding over 5 per cent., is standing at a premium of  $\frac{1}{2}$ , but the other recent industrial issues do not make a good showing—Diala Cotton 10s. paid standing at 6s. to 7s., Union Cold Storage 6s. paid standing at 4s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 5s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., with Dunlop Debentures  $\frac{1}{2}$  discount to par, and Rayon Preference at no less than 3s. discount.

The iron and steel market is as steady as it can be in the face of the gloomy prognostications of company chairmen, which are inducing many small, and in some cases unwise, investors to cut their heavy losses. Industrials have recovered temporarily, led by the irrepressible Courtaulds and the Tobacco shares, and the rubber market is decidedly active. Last week the spot price of smoked sheet rubber touched the record height since the slump of 3s. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. It is fairly safe to anticipate a continuance of activity in that market without necessarily a boom, but other markets we feel may generally sag, though against the possibility of a definite collapse must be set the fact that in the first half-year nothing of the nature of a boom has been experienced. On the contrary, there has been a gradual decline in values. Taking the index-numbers of the "Investors' Chronicle" up to the end of May, the gilt-edged market has fallen since January by 1.5, all commercial shares by 2.8, and speculative shares by 2.4. In particular, iron and steel have fallen by 15.1, shipping by 14.3, and chemicals by 8.3. The only big rises have been registered by breweries (rise of 10.3 from 138.1), silk (rise of 21.0 from 159.1), and rubber (rise of 19.1 from 123.8).

Among the breweries good buying has been reported of City of London at about 65s. The significant feature of this company's balance sheet at December 31st, 1924, was the value at which the freehold properties were assessed, namely, £1,610,563. This item included the site of the old City of London Brewery near Cannon Street Station, which is now being used as warehouses and wharves, and is earning therefrom an increasing revenue. In the Directors' report for last year it is stated that though the progress made with the development of the old City of London site was considerable,

the time had not yet arrived to appreciate in figures the increased value to the company of this asset. But we know that time flies. An interim dividend is payable in August, and the final in February. Meantime the company is in a strong financial position and must be doing good business. At the price of 65s. the ordinary shares yield £6 3s. per cent. on the basis of last year's dividend of 20 per cent.

In estimating the industrial situation at home the investor must pay considerable attention at the present time to the financial and industrial position on the Continent. In Germany the financial difficulties of the Stinnes group are not unique. Krupps and other big industrial groups are dangerously short of working capital. In France we are now openly faced with inflation, depressingly reminding of the inflation period in Germany. The paper currency is to be increased by the issue of six milliards of francs from the Bank of France. This follows on a previous borrowing of four milliards in April which have already been expended. Germany also failed, it will be remembered, with the experiment of a gold loan, which is now to be tried in France. The four milliards lasted a couple of months. How long will the six milliards last? The Government had to pay out 1,800 million francs on July 1st for the redemption of the 1922 Credit National bonds, and has to pay 3,800 millions in September on maturing Treasury Bonds. An even bigger maturity comes in December. Is not the French Government knowingly entering on a policy of inflation as the line of least resistance to the financial storm? Six months ago we held out no hopes to the holders of French rentes, unless they expended their francs by spending their holidays in France. We can see no limit to the flight from the franc if barefaced inflation continues.

The oil market has not responded (perhaps rightly) to the activity in oil shares in New York. Oil prices have not risen in this country or to any general extent on the Continent, and we suspect that by the autumn oil prices in the United States will be found unduly high. In spite of the great increase in the consumption of petrol in America, the continual discovery of deeper sands in the oilfields makes the recent rise in gasoline prices appear somewhat artificial. British Controlled have developed marked weakness, partly as the result of a large number of options falling due, and partly owing to the decline in production. The wild rumour that wells have gone to salt water is officially denied. Those who are attracted by the speculative possibilities of oil shares should appreciate that a company depending upon a single oilfield is liable to have excessive fluctuations in its day-to-day production.

We select the following from our usual table of Yields of Gilt-edged Securities:—

	Opening Prices	Gross Flat Yield £ s. d.	Yield allowing for accrued interest and loss or profit on redemption		Net after deducting Income Tax	
			Gross £ s. d.		£ s. d.	
3½% Conversion Loan (1961 or after)	75 13-16	4 12 2	4 13 4		3 14 8	
5% War Loan (1923-47)	100	5 0 0	5 0 6		4 0 5	
5% National War Bonds (1927)	104 9-16	4 15 8	4 19 3		4 0 1	
4% National War Bonds (1927)	96½	4 1 0	—		4 10 9	
India 3½% (1931 or after)	64½d	5 8 8	5 8 10		4 7 1	
Commonwealth of Australia 4½% (1940-60)	96½	4 18 6	4 19 7		4 0 0	



s  
t  
s  
-  
d  
e  
f

e  
t  
-  
e  
g  
g  
-  
n  
e  
.  
n  
o  
a  
e  
ll  
t  
f  
0  
n  
e  
f  
l  
e  
r  
n  
d

)  
s  
t  
n  
.  
l  
n  
s  
e  
a  
o  
s  
o  
s  
a  
n

f

at  
on  
er  
g  
e  
d.

8  
5  
1  
9  
1  
0